NOV 23,
1935

Liberty

5¢

MURDER WITH GLOVES

by JOE LOUIS

—

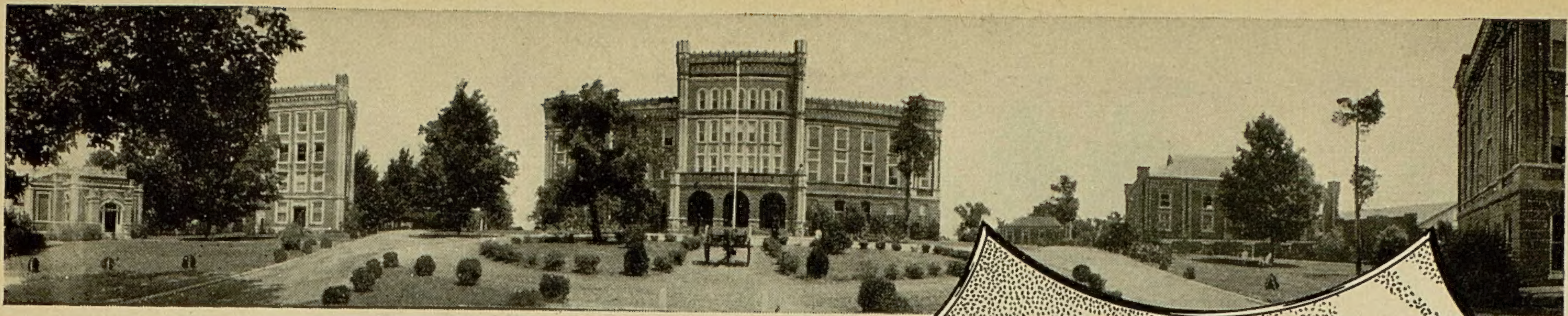
SMASHING THE BANK ROBBERS

Another Crime Classic by Will Irwin

—

WHO IS THE REPUBLICAN FAVORITE FOR PRESIDENT?

Liberty's Poll Results in This Issue



CASTLE HEIGHTS MILITARY ACADEMY

A Distinguished School for Boys

FOR nearly four decades this Tennessee school, rich in the traditions and culture of the South, has been making a notable contribution to the youth of the nation. Its graduates in ever increasing numbers have gone forth to occupy leading positions in the business and professional world.

The spirit of the South, which impels a boy to give nothing short of his best, whether on athletic field or in class room, has carried over into the greater game of life. **Castle Heights men lead in achievement.**

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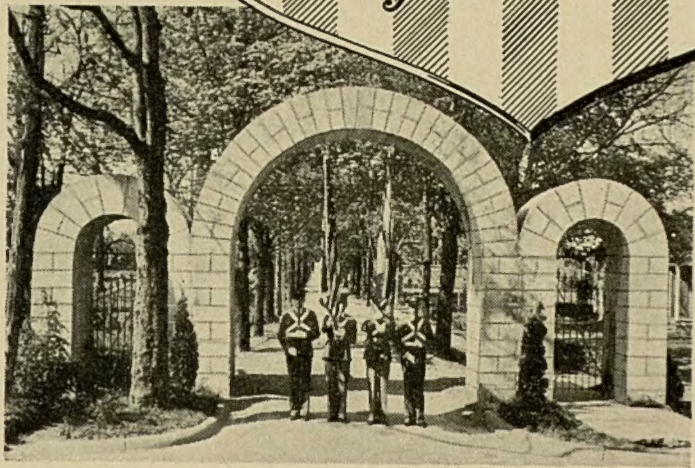

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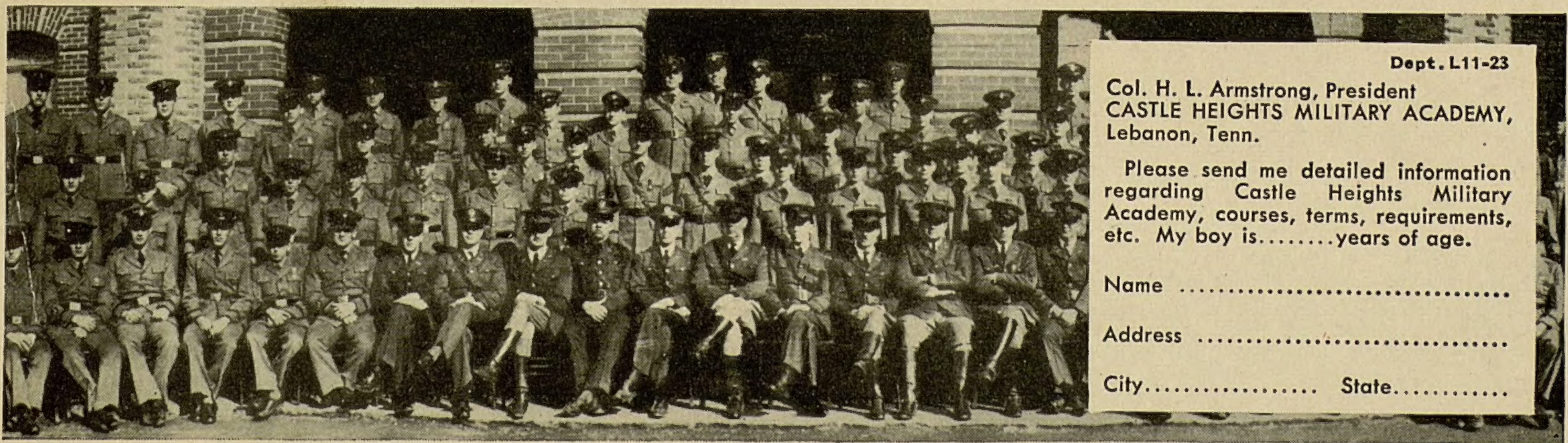

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Col. H. L. Armstrong, President
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Please send me detailed information regarding Castle Heights Military Academy, courses, terms, requirements, etc. My boy is........years of age.

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Address ....

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NOVEMBER 23, 1935 **Liberty** VOL. 12, NO. 47

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
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WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
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Soak Business—The Way to Prosperity

BERNARR MACFADDEN

THE United States has become the world's wealthiest nation through the genius of our great businessmen. Business is the source of all prosperity. When people are disinclined to buy, when conditions interfere with the ordinary circulation of money, we have a depression—we say business is bad.

The business world must be credited with creating the wealth which has made us what we are as a civilized nation. It is the promotion of business that builds our great factories.

Every huge corporation is the outgrowth of the creative genius of businessmen. When business leaders are encouraged to promote their interests, spend money freely in extending their enterprises into larger fields, they add to their list of employees; they do their part toward building and improving the business situation.

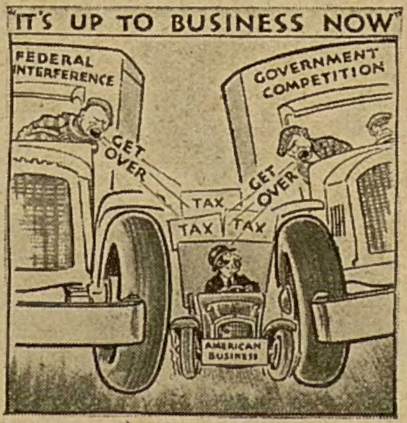
And one of the most astonishing mistakes made by the present administration was its effort to discredit business, to make the general public think that it is largely conducted by thieves and crooks—that they are unfair and unjust to customers and employees.

We say astonishing because it is so inconceivably silly.

If a farmer has a cow and he wants her to give more milk, he does not try to make her as uncomfortable as possible. He realizes that if a cow is contented and well fed she will automatically give more milk. Not that the comparison between a cow and business is especially appropriate generally, but it applies very aptly in this instance.

You can't expect a businessman who is berated and caustically criticized, treated unfairly with confiscatory taxes, to exert himself to improve the business situation. He is sure to retrench rather than extend his activities.

He loses confidence and courage, and the spirit to go ahead and promote his interests is naturally lacking.



Business furnishes the lifeblood of the nation. It maintains the circulation of money which is necessary to give us a proper balance in the game of buying and selling.

Take the recent "soak-the-rich" taxes that were passed by Congress. It would have been difficult to find a more effective method for checking business progress.

If a businessman knows that he is going to be taxed to the limit, why should he bother about employing more people, paying higher wages, improving the condition of employees generally? He will automatically adopt a procedure which is necessary to protect himself, financially and otherwise.

And, after all, the real sufferer from this situation is the wage earner. He depends upon his weekly income to supply the daily wants for himself and his dependents, and when he loses his job he is faced with heartrending difficulties. No one likes to accept the dole; and many victims of circumstances almost starve to death before they resort to that harrowing alternative.

A businessman has before him the job of meeting his expenses with an appropriate income. He is obliged to pay his bills. When the outgo is greater than the income, debts pile up and bankruptcy is the specter, the skeleton in the closet, of a declining business enterprise.

If we want prosperity, business leaders both great and small should be encouraged in every possible manner.

It is only through such a procedure that wages can be increased, that the workers' standard of living can be improved, with better housing and other added comforts.

It is foolish beyond measure to "soak" business and expect those whose duty it is to safeguard their financial interests to make the necessary extraordinary efforts to bring about the much desired prosperity.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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A Once-over Gem Shave controls the HEAVIEST BEARD for 24 hours

THE sharpest blades made and the most accurate razor ever produced, now enable you to shave with greater speed and safety. Dual-Alignment (a patented feature which Gem *exclusively* controls) sets the edge so that you can use the professional barber's swift, tugless stroke—and locks it unbudgingly at *five points.*

You can shave closer and without risk of scuffs. You can't irritate your skin, no matter how tender, because the design of the razor *compels* you to contact your stubble at the *one* proper angle.

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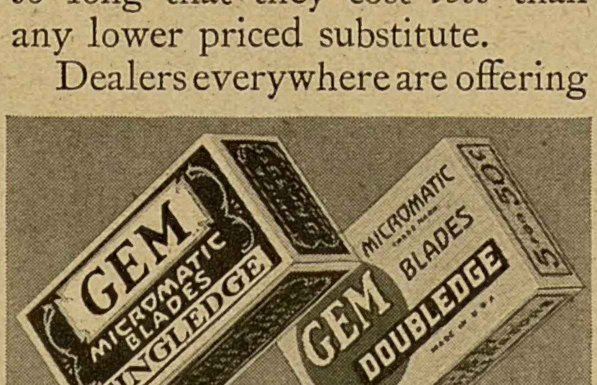
Gem handles the toughest, blackest, twisty bristle as easily as the beginner's light beard. It doesn't skip a hair, a wrinkle, a cleft or a nostril curve. Its *50%* thicker surgical steel blades—stropped 4840 separate times, last *so* long that they cost *less* than any lower priced substitute.

Dealers everywhere are offering Gem outfits in the new Marbelite, stain-proof, washable case, with full chrome plated holders (*exact* duplicates of Gems recently sold in $6 sets) and are instructed by us to *guarantee* them for a *lifetime.*

This magnificent razor, made in one piece, can't get out of order and no part of it can rust or corrode.

You get the full chrome razor, the washable Marbelite case and *five* indefinitely keen Gem Blades—*all* for one dollar—*anywhere.* Or a test set consisting of a standard gold plated Gem Razor and 2 blades for 25c and our coupon.


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
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WHO IS THE REPUBLICAN FAVORITE FOR PRESIDENT?

It's Knox, Say the Newspaper Editors . . . Liberty Presents a Revealing Nation-Wide Poll

by DON WHARTON

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

COL. FRANK KNOX

A POLL by Liberty of more than 3,000 American newspaper editors places Colonel Frank Knox ahead of all other candidates for the 1936 Republican nomination for President. The newspaper editors give the Boston-born publisher of the Chicago Daily News a substantial lead over Senator Borah. They give him twice the support they do Mr. Hoover, and more votes than all the forty-two other candidates put together.

The poll was conducted by means of a letter to the editors of all Republican daily newspapers and all Republican weekly, semiweekly, and triweekly papers of a circulation of more than 2,000. Newspapers which list themselves as independent were included where they had Republican leanings or considerable interest in Republican prospects. Democratic newspapers were left out, except in the South, where there are practically no Republican newspapers. The editors of Republican and "independent" papers were asked who they thought would get the nomination and whom they favored for it. The Democratic editors in the South were not asked whom they favored but who was favored by the Republicans of their communities.

Replies were received from 1,108 newspapers. Each of the forty-eight states was represented; likewise Alaska, Puerto Rico, Hawaii, the Philippines, and the District of Columbia, which have voting delegates at the national conventions, though no vote in the national elections.

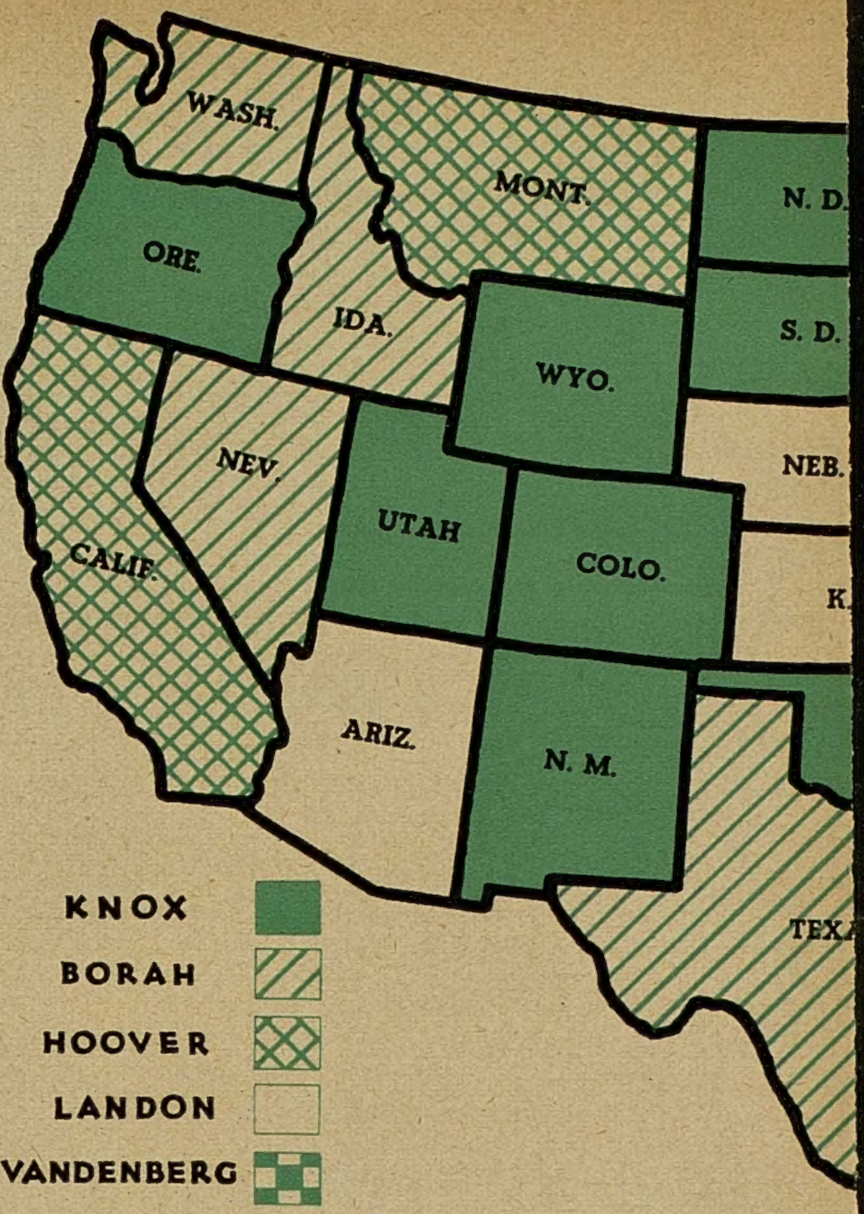
Some newspapers had no preference and others would not hazard a prediction. Thus, the 1,108 returned close to 700 votes on each of the two questions.

LINE-UP OF EDITORS ON REPUBLICAN NOMINATION

Candidate	Home State	Probable Nominee	Preferred Nominee
Colonel Frank Knox	Ill.	221	189
Sen. William E. Borah	Idaho	149	165
Herbert Hoover	Calif.	97	74
Sen. Arthur Vandenberg	Mich.	65	53
Gov. Alfred M. Landon	Kan.	54	108
Frank O. Lowden	Ill.	15	23
Sen. L. J. Dickinson	Iowa	10	14
Theo. Roosevelt, Jr.	N. Y.	7	8
Ogden Mills	N. Y.	7	7
Rep. James W. Wadsworth	N. Y.	6	16
Rep. Hamilton Fish, Jr.	N. Y.	5	9
Gov. Harry W. Nice	Md.	3	7
Sen. Charles McNary	Ore.	3	3
Chief Justice Hughes	N. Y.	2	5
Col. Charles Lindbergh	N. J.	2	3
Gov. Frank F. Merriam	Calif.	2	0
Patrick J. Hurley	Okla.	1	11
Gov. Harold G. Hoffman	N. J.	1	7
John G. Winant	N. H.	1	6
Sen. Warren Barbour	N. J.	1	5
Edward Hayes	Ill.	1	1
Francis E. Townsend	Calif.	1	1
Gifford Pinchot	Penn.	1	0
Hanford MacNider	Iowa	1	0
Sen. George W. Norris	Neb.	0	6
David A. Reed	Penn.	0	3
Henry Ford	Mich.	0	2
Lewis Douglas	Ariz.	0	2
Walter J. Kohler	Wis.	0	2
Justice Harlan Stone	N. Y.	0	1
Justice Owen Roberts	Penn.	0	1
Sen. Gerald P. Nye	N. D.	0	1
Everett Sanders	Ind.	0	1
Arthur R. Robinson	Ind.	0	1
Alfred E. Smith	N. Y.	0	1
Owen D. Young	N. Y.	0	1
James E. Watson	Ind.	0	1
Sen. Robert La Follette	Wis.	0	1
Sen. Hiram Johnson	Calif.	0	1
Rep. Ralph Brewster	Maine	0	1
Alvin T. Fuller	Mass.	0	1
Charles F. Adams	Mass.	0	1
Rep. Theo. Christianson	Minn.	0	1
Gov. H. Styles Bridges	N. H.	0	1
George H. Tinkham	Mass.	0	1
	Totals	656	746

The five leaders in the poll, Knox, Borah, Hoover, Vandenberg, and Landon, are all from the West. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., the highest ranking Easterner, is in eighth place. Only seven editors think Colonel Roosevelt will get the nomination; only eight want him to get it. The combined vote of all the Easterners is considerably less than that given Alf Landon of Kansas.

Governor Landon is in fifth place in the editors' votes on probabilities, but on preferences he is next to Senator Borah. He is the only Republican in the country elected to an office higher than that of representative in both 1932 and 1934. He and Senator Borah are the only important candidates whose nominations are held to be more desirable than likely. Governor Landon, with his record of thrift and balanced budgets, is particularly conspicuous in this respect; he has two editors favoring him for every one expecting him to win. However, the editor of one of the most important papers in the East writes: "My acquaintance with Vandenberg and Knox



leads me to lean a little bit in their favor, but I suspect that neither one would be so good a candidate as Governor Landon. It seems to me that his economy record would appeal to a very large group of voters."

The Kansan is the youngest of the Big Five. When the 1936 convention opens, he will be several months short of forty-nine.

Colonel Knox is the only man of the first fourteen candidates who hasn't held public office. He tried to get the Republican nomination for Governor of New Hampshire back in 1924, but was licked by young and liberal John Winant. Subsequently Governor Winant was boomed for the 1936 nomination for President, but last summer he virtually eliminated himself by accepting an appointment as chairman of President Roosevelt's Social Security Board. He now places nineteenth in this poll.

If Colonel Knox should win the Republican nomination he would be the first nonofficeholder to do so. Yet if the Colonel's nomination would break that precedent it would follow another. Of the twenty nominations handed out by the Republican Party twelve have gone to veterans of one war or another. Frank Knox fought with the Rough Riders in Cuba and with the Seventy-eighth Division in France. He would be the first soldier-candidate of either party since T. R. Among the Republican nominees, he would be the first newspaperman since Harding and the first Illinois man since Lincoln. Also the first Chicagoan ever named by either party.

EACH editor was also asked who would get the vote of his state at the national convention. Those replies were even more favorable to Knox than the voting. They indicated that once the favorite sons had been eliminated he would have twenty-two states. They gave eleven to Senator Borah, nine to Mr. Hoover, four to Governor Landon, and two to Senator Vandenberg. In addition, Colonel Knox was given the bulk of the support of the District of Columbia and the four territories.

Senator Vandenberg is strong in his home state, Michigan, where he once worked for the same paper as Colonel Knox. He is also favored in North Carolina. These two states would give the Senator sixty-one delegates, which is fifteen more than Governor Landon would receive from the four states reported lined up behind him: Kansas, Nebraska, Arkansas, and Arizona.

Former President Hoover's strength is more than double that of either of these candidates. With Delaware, California and Montana, and practically all of the lower South—Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana—he would have 129 delegates backing him for a third race. The Southern editors, however, are by no means certain that Mr. Hoover will have all the delegates they ascribe him.

Borah is not so far behind Knox in delegates as in states. The Senator's eleven states include Kentucky, Tennessee, Wisconsin, Washington, Minnesota, Idaho, Nevada, Texas, and Virginia—also New York and Pennsylvania, whose 166 delegates swell his total to 319.

The newspapermen give Colonel Knox all of New England, which was not merely his birthplace but his home from 1912 to 1931. In the East he is also given New Jersey, West Virginia, and Maryland. In the West, Oregon, Utah, New Mexico, Colorado, Wyoming, North and South Dakota. In the middle of the continent he is handed Missouri, Oklahoma, Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, and Iowa. These twenty-two states have 430 delegates, to which the editors would add the ten of the District of Columbia, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico, and the Philippines.

With 440 delegates Colonel Knox would almost have the nomination in his hand. In 1936 there will be only 995 delegates. Thus the Colonel, if the newspapermen are not exaggerating his backing, will be within fifty-eight delegates of the majority necessary for nomination. If he should get the 440 he should have no difficulty picking up the fifty-eight. The Borah boys might hold tight, but fifty-eight might drift over from Mr. Hoover's camp or they might be swung over by the Colonel's good friend Senator Vandenberg.

Of course, the time is not yet ripe for such close figuring. Colonel Knox's lead is impressive. But the Colonel may get no further with his own candidacy than he got in 1920 with the floor leadership of General Leonard Wood's.

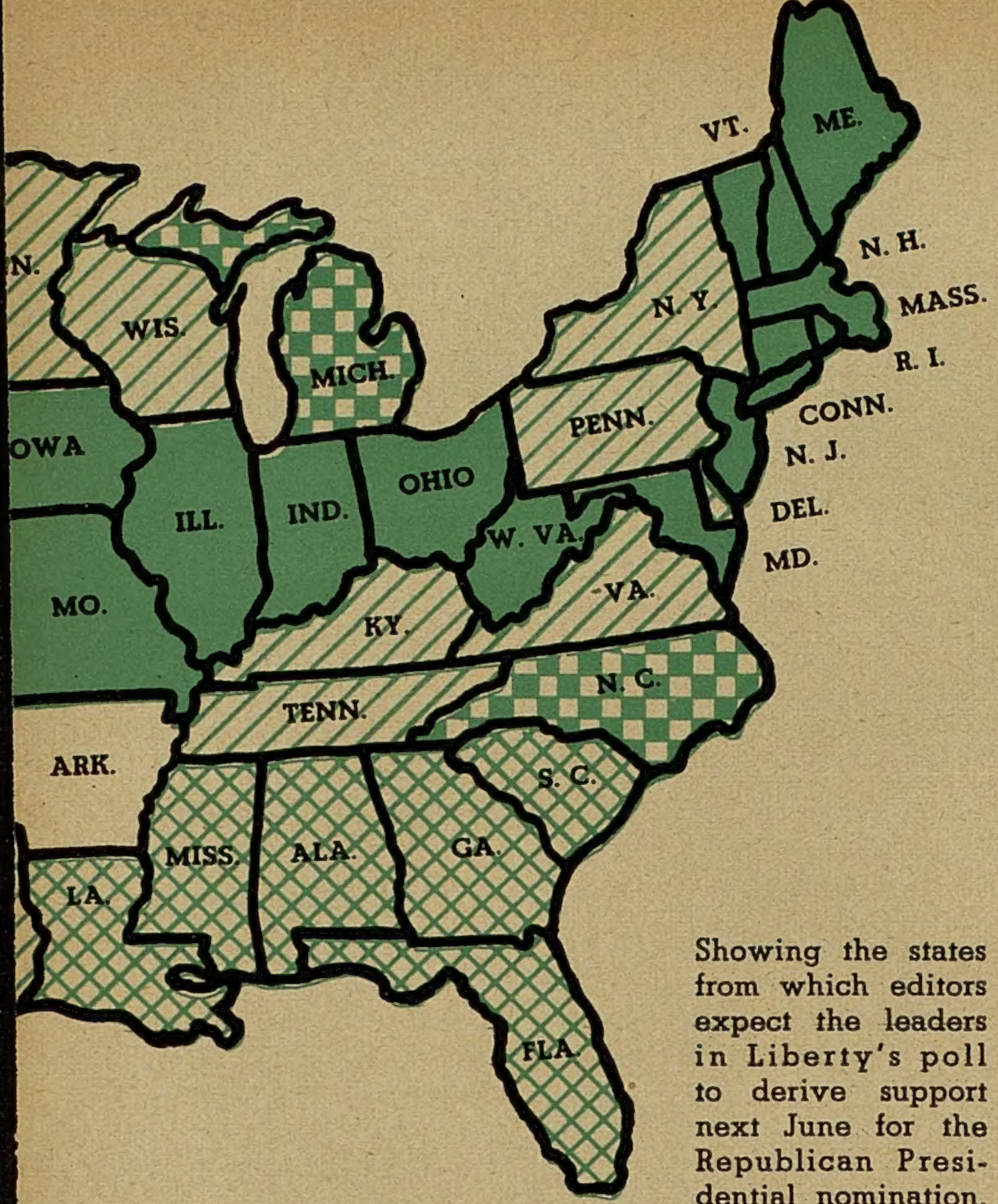
The significant revelation of the poll is that the great body of newspaper editors gives extensive and widespread support to only five candidates. The others appear to be favorite sons who are expected to get complimentary votes for a ballot or two, stalking horses whose true intentions will be known later on, and candidates bent on trading a handful of delegates for something like the Vice-Presidential nomination.

The votes for Henry Ford and Charles A. Lindbergh, absurd as they appear, are nevertheless in line with one of the most widely held views revealed by the poll: namely, that the nomination will go to a person as yet not prominently mentioned. Despite the preponderance of support for Messrs. Knox, Borah, Hoover, Vandenberg, and Landon, this view persists in every section of the country. An editor in Oregon explains its basis as follows: "I am a Republican but I do not believe a Republican candidate can get anywhere in '36. No Republican candidate has been suggested in whom the voters have any confidence."

Of course the editors who named Colonel Lindbergh as the dark horse did so in spite of the plain provision of the Constitution that a man cannot be President until he is thirty-five. Colonel Lindbergh will be thirty-five on February 4, 1937. Under the Constitution up to 1933 he would now be eligible for the coming term, but under the Twentieth Amendment, which changed Inauguration Day to January 20, he would be fifteen days too young.

Scores of editors in every section of the country scribbled three words: "Anybody but Hoover." A great many recorded, however, that while Mr. Hoover was not available he would name the candidate.

The editors disclosed an antipathy toward attempting a coalition maneuver by naming a constitutional Democrat to head the Republican ticket. Owen D. Young, Alfred E. Smith, and former Budget Director Lewis Douglas are the only Democrats mentioned in the poll. Not one of them is named as a probable choice, and



Showing the states from which editors expect the leaders in Liberty's poll to derive support next June for the Republican Presidential nomination.

they have only one supporter each as preferred nominees.

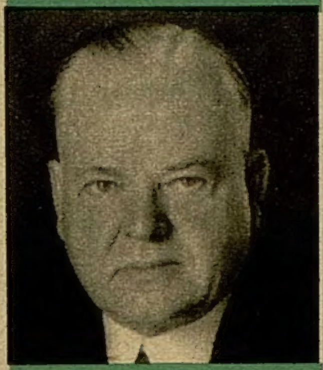
The poll also revealed that the editors are not behind the move to pluck the Republican nominee from the Supreme Court bench. Justices Stone and Roberts have been widely discussed but neither is chosen by more than one editor. Only five would like to see Chief Justice Hughes again leave the bench for the political platform.

The editors were asked to comment on the political situation in their respective states. Assured that their names would not be used, they wrote fully and freely.

FROM New England and the North Atlantic seaboard came these characteristic replies: *Maine:* "The Republicans will make a clean sweep next year." *New Hampshire:* "Feeling against the New Deal seems to have swung from passive distrust to militant dislike." *Vermont:* "Hatred of Rooseveltism becoming hysterical." *Massachusetts:* "Roosevelt is still strong with industrial wage earners. The strong Curley machine is likely to keep Massachusetts Democratic." *Rhode Island:* "Will go Republican." *Connecticut:* "Mesmeristic power of Roosevelt's radio voice seems to be fading." *New York:* "Republican leadership still extremely reactionary. Doubtful if rank and file will follow." *New Jersey:* "Has a habit of going Republican in Presidential years, but it looks like the state Republican organization is too badly shot at this time." *Delaware:* "Probably will stay Republican." *Pennsylvania:* "Rank and file—in the majority—favor Roosevelt. Upper strata favor a Republican. Democrats united. Republicans split." *Maryland:* "Antagonism to New Deal increased by Governor Ritchie's attacks on Roosevelt."

Along the border Kentucky and West Virginia were reported turning from the President; Tennessee rejoining the Solid South. A North Carolina editor gave the gist of all the Southern letters: "So few Republicans here. Cotton textile owners knock Roosevelt, but farmers, laborers, merchants, and others are behind him. Cotton processing tax and large expenditures cause wealthy to criticize President. State will go Democratic."

BORAH



HOOVER

VANDENBERG

LANDON

LOWDEN

DICKINSON

From the Middle West came: *Indiana:* "Republicans more united than Democrats. Republican prospects seem brighter." *Ohio:* "Roosevelt would carry Ohio now by a smaller majority than in '32." *Illinois:* "All say the same thing: Who is going to pay for it, that enormous debt?" *Michigan:* "Organizing the relief army might give Roosevelt Michigan, but holding pay of married men to $15 a week will not get the women's vote." *Wisconsin:* "Republicans are stronger than in 1932, but Roosevelt, aided by Progressives, will carry the state overwhelmingly." *Minnesota:* "If there is an endorsement of Roosevelt by the Farmer-Labor Party, he would probably carry the state. If the Farmer-Labor Party takes no sides and the Republican candidate is popular, Minnesota will go Republican." *North Dakota:* "Democratic politicians have driven the voters away from Roosevelt." *South Dakota:* "Candidate with strong farm complex could probably carry state against Roosevelt in 1936. No others need apply." *Nebraska:* "AAA is popular." *Iowa:* "The golden stream of corn-hog checks continues to flow, and the farmers are inclined to remember their benefactor." *Kansas:* "Ninety per cent of the business men against the New Deal; 80 per cent of farmers favoring Roosevelt." *Missouri:* "Much dissatisfaction with administration but Pendergast machine has a tight hold on the state."

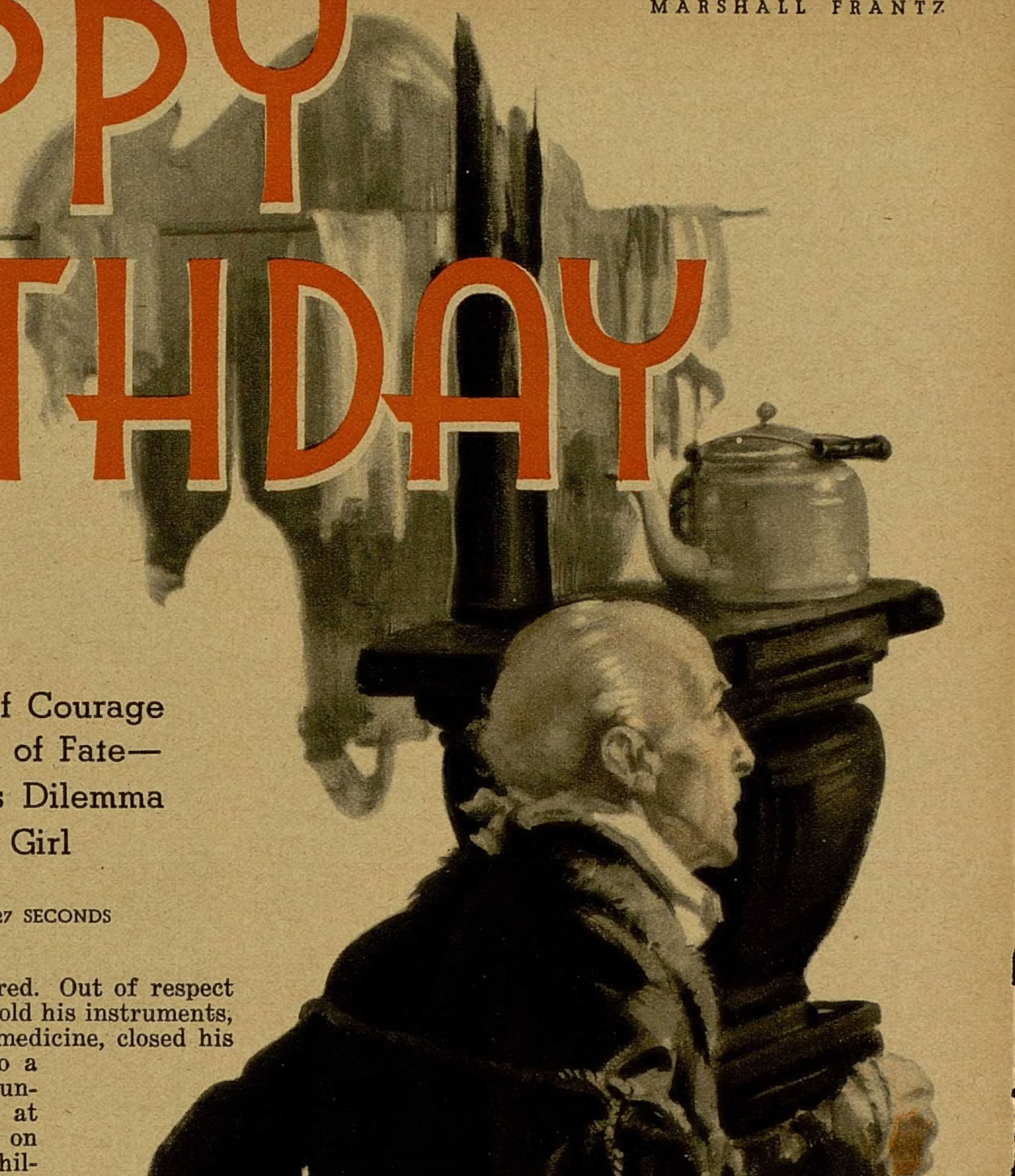
From the Far West these replies are typical: *Montana:* "Farmers overwhelmingly for F. D. R. and workers will vote for him unless opposed by some ultraradical." *Idaho:* "Trend distinctly away from Roosevelt but $4,000,000,000 still has plenty of authority." *Wyoming:* "Spending program may hold voters in line." *Colorado:* "Roosevelt still in the ascendant." *Utah:* "Roosevelt sentiment still strong." *Nevada:* "New Deal slipping, though Roosevelt's popularity isn't." *Arizona:* "Still strong for F. D. R." *New Mexico:* "The Democrats are demanding pledges for those on relief to vote as they are eating." *Washington:* "State will go Democratic." *Oregon:* "New Deal slipping in popularity but not enough as yet to indicate anything near defeat." *California:* "Leading Republicans say—confidentially—they have no hope of winning in 1936."

In short, the poll shows that Mr. Roosevelt is losing support in the country and that Colonel Knox is gaining support in the Republican Party.

THE END

ILLUSTRATION BY
MARSHALL FRANTZ

HAPPY BIRTHDAY



A Stirring Tale of Courage and the Strange Ways of Fate—The Story of a Doctor's Dilemma and a Gangster's Girl

READING TIME ● 21 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

OLD Dr. Woodward had retired. Out of respect for his profession, he had sold his instruments, thrown out his bottles of medicine, closed his office—even moved away to a portion of the state where he was unknown and taken up his residence at Mrs. Neal's boardinghouse. Thither on his seventy-sixth birthday his four children had promised to come for a family reunion.

He made elaborate preparations for their coming and composed himself with such measure of patience and quietude as he could summon to await the important day.

Now it was within twelve hours of dawning, and outside the boardinghouse windows snow was falling as if it never intended to stop!

Dr. Woodward sat and looked at it and thought that a little discreet profanity would relieve his feelings. But he was a dignified old gentleman, with due regard for his reputation among the other boarders. He compromised by moving impatiently from his chair to the window—and saw a messenger boy coming up the front walk.

Miss Drake, who sat with her knitting at an adjacent window, also saw the boy. "Somebody," Miss Drake remarked archly, "is going to get a telegram."

"Somebody undoubtedly is," Dr. Woodward agreed. He wished Miss Drake with her sharp eyes and sharp tongue were somewhere else at the moment.

Etta brought in the telegram.

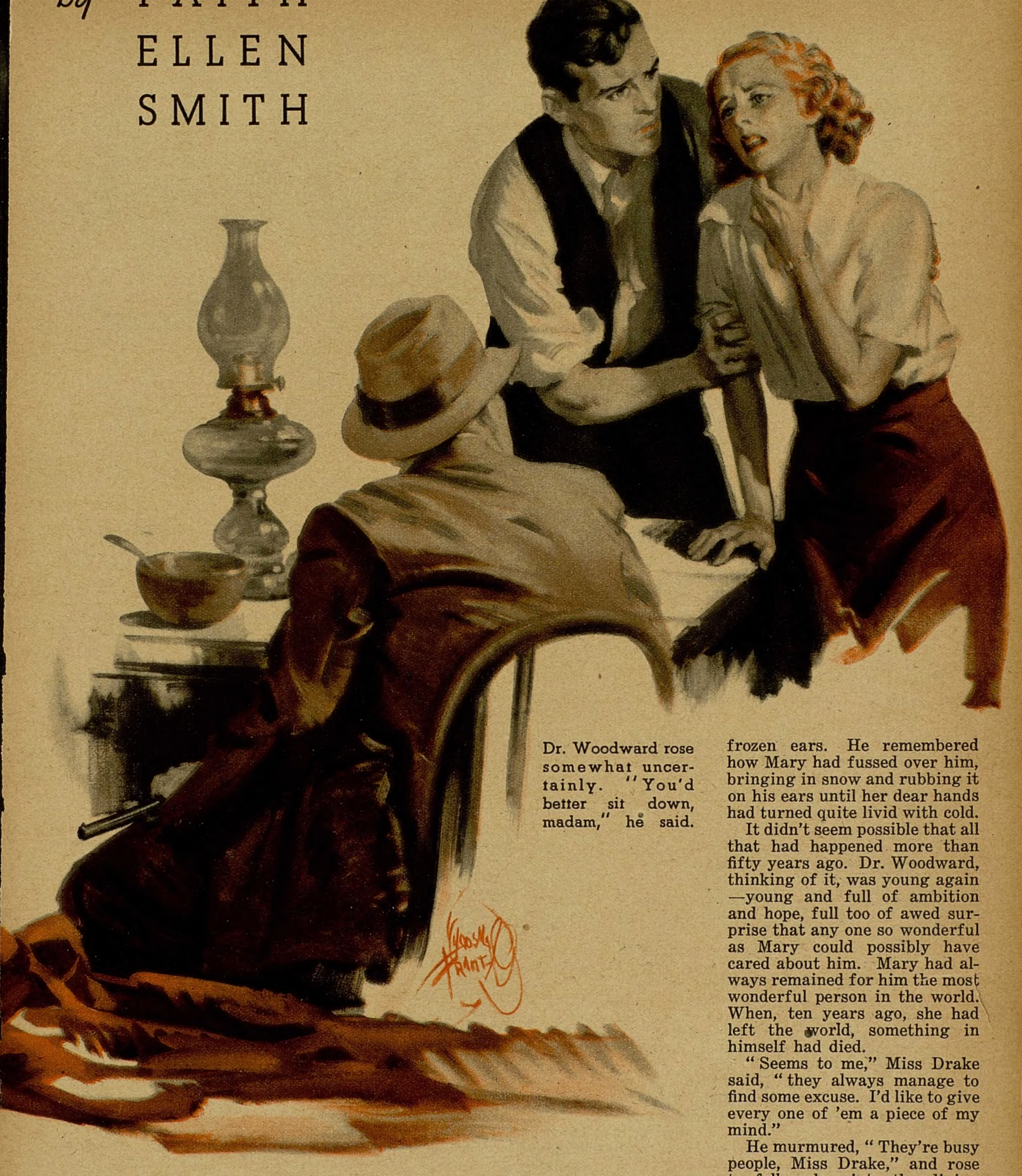
Dr. Woodward rose politely to take it from her, and then sat down again and changed from his distance glasses to his reading glasses and tore open the yellow envelope.

STORM REPORTED BAD [said the telegram] MARKET ACTIVE CANT LEAVE SORRY HAPPY BIRTHDAY PAUL

"Well?" said Miss Drake sharply. "Are they coming?"

"One of them isn't," Dr. Woodward managed to say quite cheerfully. He folded the telegram and put it in his vest pocket.

Miss Drake said, "I should think that anybody that by FAITH ELLEN SMITH



Dr. Woodward rose somewhat uncertainly. "You'd better sit down, madam," he said.

really wanted to get anywhere'd get there, even if there is a little snow on the ground."

He pretended not to hear that. He was thinking of other snowstorms he had known—storms he had battled on his way to the sick and dying, one through which he had tramped on foot something like eight miles to call upon the lady who later became his wife and the children's mother. He had arrived at her home exhausted, with two frozen ears. He remembered how Mary had fussed over him, bringing in snow and rubbing it on his ears until her dear hands had turned quite livid with cold.

It didn't seem possible that all that had happened more than fifty years ago. Dr. Woodward, thinking of it, was young again—young and full of ambition and hope, full too of awed surprise that any one so wonderful as Mary could possibly have cared about him. Mary had always remained for him the most wonderful person in the world. When, ten years ago, she had left the world, something in himself had died.

"Seems to me," Miss Drake said, "they always manage to find some excuse. I'd like to give every one of 'em a piece of my mind."

He murmured, "They're busy people, Miss Drake," and rose to follow her into the dining room, where the five other boarders asked him if the children were coming, and looked skeptical when he explained that they couldn't with such a storm as was raging outside.

"They're all so busy," he explained again, and realized, too late, that family plans should never have been confided to these outsiders. "My daughter Mayrice is going to have the leading role in a new Broadway play, and

Anne, out in Detroit, has a large family of children—and even two grandchildren. The boys are always up to their necks in work—Henry's a professor at Harvard, you know, and Paul is in the New York stock exchange."

He told himself that after ten years of solitude there was no earthly reason for him to dread tomorrow as he was dreading it. Did life give us what we most needed for our greatest spiritual development? He had for a long time believed that it did. Very well, then. If you got solitude even on birthdays and Christmases, take it and use it to the best of your ability. Above all, don't go around sniveling and feeling sorry for yourself!

At this point in his meditations Dr. Woodward was interrupted by the arrival of another telegram:

REHEARSALS FULL SWING DARENT RISK DELAY SORRY DARLING HAPPY BIRTHDAY MAYRICE

Dr. Woodward put the telegram in his pocket and explained to little Mrs. Brent that it was snowing and that his children were all very busy. He longed for his lost profession. He had been very busy for more than half a century. Now he had nothing to do. He hoped the family would not have to plan reunions for many more of his birthdays.

Just as Etta was bringing in the dessert, the doorbell rang again and there was another telegram.

BABY HAS CROUP [this one told him] CANT LEAVE HELEN SORRY DEAR HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANNE

Dr. Woodward knew that every one in the room was looking at him. He feared that there was pity in all those glances. He didn't want people to pity him—or to blame the children. And the way to prevent it was to prove that he was a gruff and heartless father who didn't care whether the children came or not. He managed a weak grin. "Extraordinary," he said. "Most extraordinary!" And when they asked what was so extraordinary, he explained that the children had so trained themselves in thrift that not one of them had sent a telegram of more than ten words. The boarders and Mrs. Neal laughed over that. The day was saved. He began to eat his dessert.

Before he had finished, Henry's telegram arrived. Henry, being an impractical college professor, had not confined himself to ten words. He had written:

SORRY DAD BUT CANT MAKE IT IMPORTANT GO TO NEW YORK RE POSSIBLE PRESIDENCY OF SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY STORM DELAYING TRAINS CONNECTIONS UNCERTAIN TELEGRAPHING FIFTY DOLLARS BUY OWN PRESENT HAPPY BIRTHDAY HENRY

He felt his eyes and his throat filling. He muttered an excuse and fled to his own room. Henry's thoughtfulness had been almost too much for him.

HE woke early the next morning, in spite of an ardent wish to sleep all day, and got up to find the world glistening with snow and sun. He dressed with care and, when he heard Etta moving about in the kitchen, went down and had breakfast and started for the telegraph office to collect Henry's fifty dollars.

The snowplow had been astir even before he was. The main walks were clear, except for a dusting of fine flakes that were rapidly turning to water in the sunlight. Energy and ambition and cheerfulness were in the clear winter air.

Dr. Woodward's spirits rose a little. He walked along between the drifts almost jauntily.

Before him, as he came to Main Street and turned into it, another old gentleman was also walking between the drifts. A tall thin old gentleman in a greatcoat which chanced, like Dr. Woodward's greatcoat, to have a collar of black fur. This was Dr. Woodward's double, old Mr. Martin, known as the state's wealthiest man and reputed to be also its meanest. Dr. Woodward had never met Mr. Martin, who lived on his own enormous estate just outside the town's limits and came in only to transact such of his extensive affairs as he was unwilling to entrust to a subordinate. Dr. Woodward had no desire to meet him, and resented the strange chance resemblance between them. Mr. Martin was one of the few people in the world for whom Dr. Woodward's generous heart held no small measure of contempt.

Mr. Martin went into the grocery store—to pay a bill or complain about one, perhaps—and Dr. Woodward went into the telegraph office. A pretty girl with brown eyes that reminded him of Mary's paid him his fifty dollars. He wished he dared offer it to her as a reward for looking a little like his lost love.

He came out of the telegraph office just in time to observe Mr. Martin disappear into the First National Bank next door. He put his feet in the tracks left by Mr. Martin's rubbers and reflected that the few people astir on the street must think they were having optical illusions—seeing Mr. Martin at the same time disappear into one door and emerge from another door a few feet away. Some one ought to use the idea in a motion-picture comic.

A BATTERED old limousine, closed and with its rear curtains down, moved slowly down the street. It had been through rough going and its front and sides were liberally sprinkled with snow. It had obviously come from a distance. Every one who really wanted to get anywhere could get there, as Miss Drake had said.

Dr. Woodward walked past the bank and around the corner into a completely deserted side street. The limousine kept pace with him at first, then crept past him and stopped at the curb. Its rear door was opened. "Oh, Mr. Martin!" said a voice—undoubtedly the voice of a young woman.

Dr. Woodward lifted his hat and veered to the edge of the walk, plunging one foot into deep snow. "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm not—"

That was all he said. Suddenly, from inside the car, strong arms seized him by the shoulders and a hand clapped over his face a heavy towel saturated with something which he instantly recognized as chloroform.

Vaguely he knew that he was being half pulled, half lifted into the strange car, which moved quickly away as soon as the door closed behind him. Then he drifted rapidly away to the center of an eddying whirlpool of dark unconsciousness.

The first thing he knew thereafter was that he had a bad headache, and the second that some one had tied a bandage over his eyes. Having made sure of these particulars, Dr. Woodward also decided that he was lying on a cot—not a very comfortable one. He could hear other people stirring around, apparently in the same room.

Experimentally he cleared his throat. All sounds of movement ceased. Complete silence fell in his vicinity.

"My head aches," Dr. Woodward remarked.

After an instant's pause a voice answered him. "It'll ache worse if we don't get what we want—see?" it said.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The voice answered significantly, "Money—and plenty of it."

Dr. Woodward, listlessly moving his aching head on the hard surface of the cot, considered the reply. The voice had at the same time allayed some of his anxiety yet rendered him still more anxious. It was young—and it was undeniably scared.

Youth and inexperience, the doctor reflected, can often be outwitted. On the other hand, youth is prone to rashness—fatally apt to act first and reason afterward. He was not at all sure that his position at the moment was an enviable one.

"I have fifty dollars," he said.

The voice repeated, "Fifty dollars!" in a tone that reduced that sum to the value of a plugged penny. It added, "I said *money*, see—not small change!"

Dr. Woodward's sense of humor had survived something like seventy years of hard usage. He smiled a little, thinking of the little he had managed to save, invested so safely in a trust fund that not even he himself could withdraw more than his monthly allowance.

"My dear young man," he said calmly, "I haven't any money."

"Then you know where you can get it," the voice told him.

Dr. Woodward's sense of humor deserted him.

The children— Why,

(Continued on page twelve)

America Wants Room Like This in 1936 Cars

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Beautiful New Plymouth the Biggest we've ever Built

THIS 1936 PLYMOUTH is the roomiest car we've ever produced . . . most omfortable . . . and most beautiful.

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Standardized, the antiseptic action of LOZONES *remains effective for several minutes.* Next time a cough sends a hot stab of pain clear down *your* throat get a box of LOZONES... 10c at druggists. Product of Luden's, Inc., Reading, Penna.

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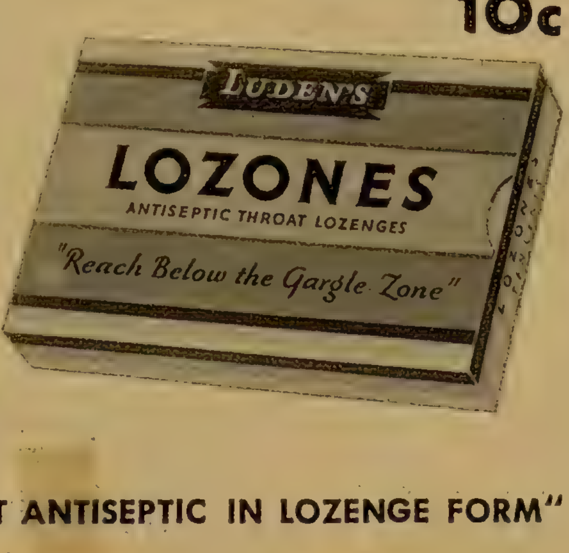


*The standard antiseptic activity maintained for LOZONES requires that 5 cc. of a dilution of LOZONES 1 in 4 shall kill the viable bacteria in 0.5 cc. of a culture of standard strain staphylococcus aureus within 5 minutes at body temperature.

"THE NEW THROAT ANTISEPTIC IN LOZENGE FORM"

(Continued from page ten) this thing was unheard-of! He would not have his children annoyed. Let them do what they would to him, he would not give them the children's names or their addresses or any information about them.

"This is an outrage!" he protested.

"Oh, yeah? So's what you did to the kids in your cotton mills. So's the way you treated the strikers in your paint factory! Andy Martin talking about outrages! That's good, that is!"

"Andrew Martin!" Dr. Woodward said.

He saw the whole thing now. This young criminal had kidnaped him under the impression that he was Andrew Martin. Whether he was going to be shot or otherwise summarily disposed of the next minute or not, there was something about the situation that seemed to him irresistibly funny. He began to laugh—a little shakily, a little hysterically, but nonetheless heartily.

"I'm not Andrew Martin!" he gasped. "You've got the wrong man."

Lying there, doing so natural a thing as laughing heartily, gave him both courage and strength. He gave a mighty tug at his arms, which seemed to have been bound not very expertly. To his surprise, the fetters came loose. Without hesitation he reached up and tore the bandage from his eyes.

He saw then, though indistinctly, why he had been allowed so to free himself. There were two men and a woman in the room—and his announcement seemed momentarily to have stunned them all. The second man, who had not previously spoken, was the first to recover his powers of speech.

"Gee!" he said. "He's right. Now that I get a good look at him, he ain't Andy Martin!"

THE room seemed to be sketchily furnished with a stove in which a wood fire burned brightly, the cot on which he had been lying, a rough pine table, and two chairs in which the men were sitting. The woman stood leaning heavily against the end of the table, and as he glanced at her she emitted a sound that was half sigh and half groan.

Dr. Woodward rose somewhat uncertainly. "You'd better sit down, madam," he said.

"What do you want me to sit down for?" she asked sullenly.

He repeated, "You'd better sit down."

One of the men shifted something that rested on his knees, and a significant gleam of steel came to the doctor's blurred vision. "If I could have my glasses," he murmured.

The woman, who had sunk down on the bed from which he had risen, gave a small whimpering cry. "Ted," she said, "I feel—I feel terrible."

"Shut up, honey," the more voluble of the pair commanded. "Your glasses, hey? Fat chance!"

The woman said, "I'm awful sick, Ted. I feel like I was going to die."

"What do you want of your glasses?" the second man asked Dr. Woodward. "About your one chance of getting out of here alive'll come from not getting a good look at any of us, see?"

Dr. Woodward said calmly, "At the moment I could not identify any of you if I met you on the street; but—"

"O-o-oh!" groaned the woman on the bed.

The man addressed as Ted leaped from his chair and crossed the room in two rapid strides. He sat down on the edge of the cot and took the woman in his arms and bent over her, saying, "Buck up, honey. This old guy's got you all jittery. You'll be all right."

"I beg your pardon," Dr. Woodward said. "She won't be all right—unless something is done for her immediately. Even without my glasses I am able to diagnose a few of the simpler things. It was a little—shall we say a little thoughtless on your part to have a kidnaping on the same day she was going to have a baby."

"A baby!" the man gasped.

"Surely," Dr. Woodward told him, "you were aware that she would have a baby sometime?"

"But it wasn't to be yet," the man said. "It—"

"I'm dying!" the woman wailed. "I know I'm dying. Oh, Ted! Get a doctor—quick!"

Dr. Woodward said, "I am a doctor." The words fell into a silence that he knew was filled with deep skepticism.

"You've probably dragged her all around the country," he went on, "in that rattletrap old car. You've involved her in a crime that she knows might send all three of you to the electric chair. She's been jolted around from pillar to post and frightened out of her senses. If you don't want her to die, get me my glasses."

Only silence answered him.

"I am a doctor," he said. "I guess, all in all, I've brought about three thousand children into the world, and I haven't forgotten how. If you want to go out and try to get another physician—and risk having him here too late—go ahead. But take your choice. This is something that won't wait."

The man called Ted got off the cot and went into another room. He came back, and a familiar cool pressure on Dr. Woodward's hand told him that he had won his point. He put on his glasses, and the room came clearly into focus. All three of his abductors were young. All three faces were weak rather than vicious—frightened, sullen, distrustful. Dr. Woodward stooped and laid his hand on the girl's head. It was icy and wet with perspiration.

"Look here," he said to the two men. "If there's any place to go, go there. If there isn't, go and sit in the next room. If I need anything, I'll call you. Put a pot of water to heat on the stove and—get out!"

They went, sullenly silent, and Dr. Woodward went to work.

In spite of all that he had been through, his hands were steady. His old skill and knowledge had not forsaken him. The conviction that he was doing his work as well as any man could have done it under the existing conditions gave him the keenest joy he had experienced since that long-ago day when he performed his first operation.

And he had need to do it well. Criminal or not, he pitied the girl who went down into the dark valley and almost failed to return. When she seized his hand, he held hers in a firm and gentle grasp, talking to her comfortingly.

He even found himself, under the compulsion of old habit, going to the door of the next room and talking comfortingly to Ted. That young man was as anxious as any of the law-abiding fathers he had known in the days of his active practice. Clearly he loved the girl. His wife? Dr. Woodward hoped so, but he didn't stop to inquire.

"I'm doing all I can for her, son," he said. "I'll pull her through if it's humanly possible."

Sometime in an eternity of weariness through which he plunged, driven only by one unrelenting purpose, he went to the door and said, "Son, you've got a fine boy—no, you can't see him yet, and you can't see her. But I think they'll both live."

And after another interval he went again to the door and said, "They'll both live—barring accidents. You can come in if you don't wake her." Whereupon he became, suddenly, a weary old man who had done quite all he was capable of doing. He saw the second man sitting on a rough wooden bench across the room. He stumbled over, peremptorily motioned his jailer out of the way, and, collapsing on the bench, went soundly and completely to sleep.

IT was afternoon when he woke. Ted was standing in front of him with a cup of coffee in one hand and a plate of overdone toast in the other. "You'd better eat," Ted said.

Dr. Woodward sipped the coffee and ate a little of the unappetizing toast.

Ted, avoiding his eyes, said, "If I was to take you to the railroad station, put you on a train back to that burg where we got you, would you be callin' the cops as soon as you got there?"

He regarded Ted with a half-smile. "If I didn't," he said, "would you—er—play a return engagement?"

Ted shook his head. "Mary's down on it," he said. "She wants the kid to be raised right. Say, he's a grand kid, all right."

Dr. Woodward said automatically, "A fine boy." Something about Ted's eyes made him believe that the young man was telling the truth. And was there a crime? Andrew Martin had not been kidnaped. Dr. Woodward had only been kidnaped accidentally. The ethics of the situation were complicated, but the path of mercy seemed reasonably clear.

"Jees," Ted said. "If you hadn't been here—doc, there ain't another M. D. inside of fifty miles. She'd have—died, maybe. And if Mary died—if Mary died—"

"I know, son," Dr. Woodward said. "My wife's name was Mary—and she did die."

"Tough luck," Ted sympathized. He shrugged. "Well, here's your hat and coat. We'd better get goin'."

"I'll take a look at the patients before I go," the doctor said. He went into the next room. Both mother and child were asleep. The two faces looked equally innocent and almost equally young. The girl couldn't be more than eighteen—Ted was probably around twenty. The doctor sighed and took his billfold from his pocket. He had five dollars in addition to Henry's fifty. He folded the larger bill and pressed it against the young mother's palm and gently closed her hand upon it. He knew he was a sentimentalist—but he had, himself, no particular use for Henry's gift.

HE came out of the room unconsciously wearing his old professional smile. He automatically looked for his bag—remembered only after some seconds of searching that he had no bag. "Don't move her for a week at least," he said. "Give her fresh eggs and milk if you can—" He looked from the windows, saw that the surroundings of this place seemed to comprise for the most part woods. "Anyway, give her plenty of plain nourishing food. And keep her quiet."

They went through the door and got into the decrepit limousine. Dr. Woodward sat alone on the back seat and, being after all a man over seventy-six years old, dozed until the door was opened and Ted announced that they had come to the railroad station. . . .

It was night when Dr. Woodward, in a taxi, arrived at the door of Mrs. Neal's boardinghouse. Late as it was, the overhead lights were burning brightly in the living room. His ringing of the doorbell brought to the door a blue-coated policeman, followed by his own son Paul.

"What are you doing here?" he demanded of Paul—gruffly, because it would not be dignified to burst into tears in the presence of a policeman.

"We're all here," Paul told him. "Mayrice and I came up by special plane yesterday and Anne and Henry got here this morning. When we heard you'd been kidnaped—"

"Now, doctor," the policeman interrupted, "there's a few questions I've got to be asking you right away. One of the Muldoon kids saw you pulled into that car an' give us a description. But we lost 'em on the road. Did ye get any idea of where ye was taken?"

Dr. Woodward drew his hand across his head. That railroad station, within probably an hour's ride of the shack. The woman and baby, who must remain where they were for some days if they were to retain the life he had fought so hard to give them. We must root up crime in this country, and kidnaping is the most dastardly of all crimes. The girl in the shack was named Mary, but her eyes were blue, whereas his Mary—

Dr. Woodward drew himself to his full height. "The Muldoon child," he said, "must be a moving-picture enthusiast."

The policeman looked somewhat deflated. "Do you mean to say you wasn't kidnaped?"

"I simply went out into the country on a professional call," Dr. Woodward told him, and walked firmly into the sitting room.

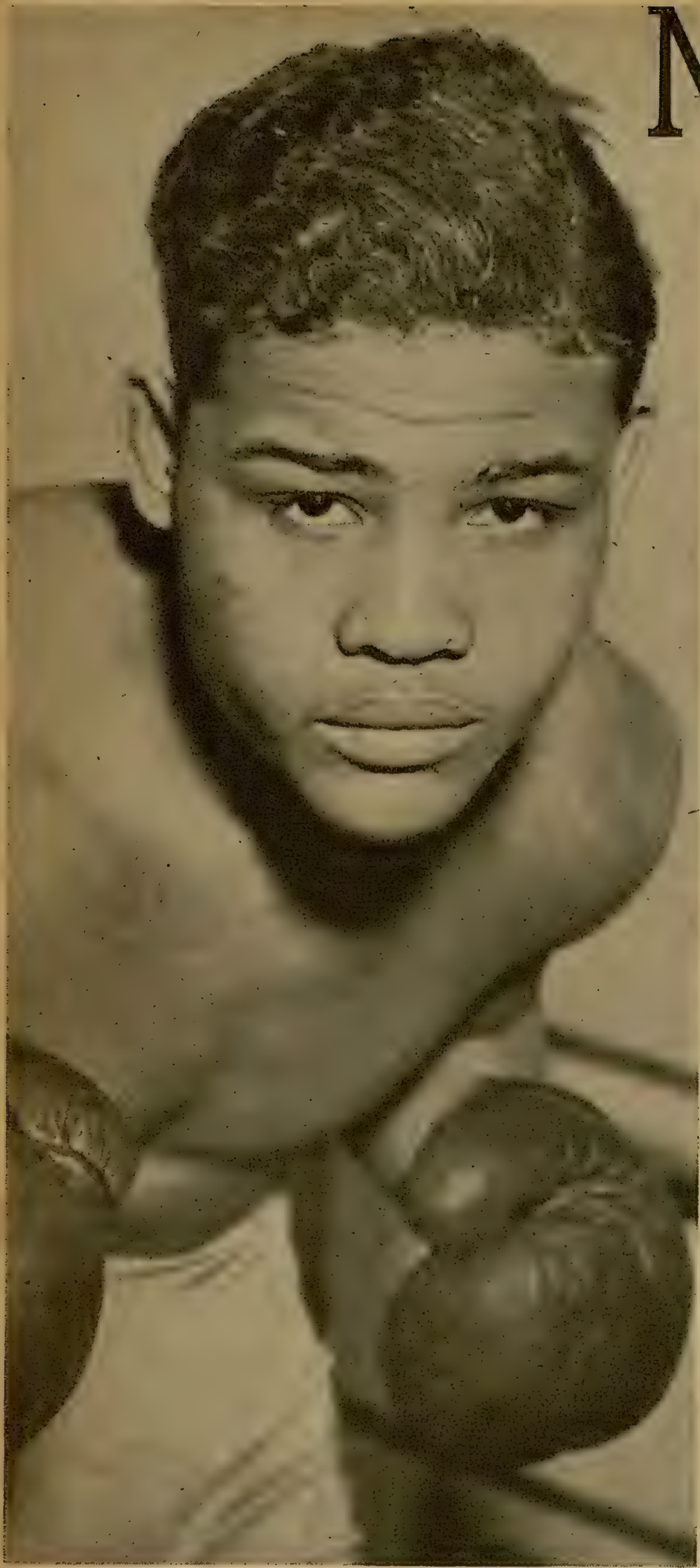
There Anne and Mayrice fell upon him with tears and kissings. It was some time before any of the four thought to mention his birthday.

"Birthday?" he said. "Birthday?" A beatific smile overspread his face. "I had a very happy birthday. I delivered a fine eight-pound boy—and mother and child are both doing well. I defy any man half my age to do a better job than I did!"

THE END

MURDER

The Prize-Ring's New Sensation Reveals the Black Magic Behind the Deadly Blows that Have Placed Him, at Twenty-one, Near the Top of the Ladder of Fame



"I vowed I'd become a ring killer." Has Joe made good?

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

TRAINER JACK BLACKBURN put me on the spot our first day together.

"You were born with two strikes on you," he said right out. "That's why I don't fool with colored boys! They're too hard to sell since Jack Johnson went and acted like he did. I can make more sugar training white fighters, even if they're only half as good."

I was all ears—and mighty anxious.

"But," old Jack went on with a big smile that showed his bridgework, "if you can become a *killer*—why, I can sell you, no matter what color you were born."

The other day I read that historians have traced my cestors back to a Cherokee Indian chief, but all I know is that I was born of Negro parents on a farm near Montgomery, Alabama, May 13, 1914, and I guess I was born to fight.

"Get in there with a good man today and box one round for me," Blackburn said. "If I think you've got the stuff, and if you'll promise to be a killer, I'll make a great fighter out of you, and your managers will sell you for plenty."

One round to make good. Three minutes to murder with gloves. I said, "I'll try." At the same time I made myself a vow: I'd become a ring killer, deadly as they make 'em—even if I got my own head knocked off trying. As an amateur I had scored forty-three knockouts in fifty-four starts and lost only four decisions. I thought I could blast chins then, but now I realize I knew little about it until Blackburn showed me.

After I had chopped and pawed down the sparring partner he tossed in there, he said:

"You're a good prospect and you seem willing enough, so I'll train you, only you do about everything wrong."

From that day, June 25, 1934, I began absorbing the Blackburn system of fighting on balance. Jack has gradually corrected all my faults and improved my punching and timing until, when Max Baer, former heavyweight champion, fell before my fists in the Yankee Stadium, September 24, 1935, the old trainer himself admitted I had reached tops.

When John Roxborough, wealthy Detroit Negro, asked me to turn professional under his management, I was working in an auto plant for twenty-five dollars a week. For my last four fights I have collected a total of $317,000 in purses and scored four successive knockouts, bringing down Roy Lazer in three, Primo Carnera in six, King Levinsky in one, and Max Baer in four rounds —proving Blackburn knew his public when he said he could sell a ring killer.

Roxborough interested his Chicago business associate, Julian Black, in taking a half interest in my contract, and Black sent me to Blackburn. In his prime Jack was one of the greatest colored fighters. Never more than a lightweight in size, he once weighed 136 pounds and laced the world's light-heavyweight champion, Philadelphia Jack O'Brien. As a trainer he had produced two titleholders, Bud Taylor and Sammy Mandell.

For my first pro battle, fought on Chicago's South Side July 4, 1934, my purse was fifty-nine dollars, and before it Blackburn spent two weeks teaching me how to hit and how to hit while on balance.

"Killers don't clinch," he told me. "They fight on balance. That's because you're not going to kill a tough man with one punch. It takes a lot of dynamite. You've got to be in a position to send in a stream of blows when you get an opening. If you throw your body forward with one mighty swing and miss, you either fall into a clinch or fall into a countersock. If you do hit and then clinch, you give your opponent time to recuperate."

That was clear enough. It described not only the way I had been fighting as an amateur, but the way practically every heavyweight in the game was mauling. I could see why they weren't drawing crowds. They were off balance, so they were forever clinching. That makes a

WITH GLOVES

by
JOE LOUIS
as told to
GENE KESSLER

dull bout, of course. But how could I learn to balance?

"By holding your hands up and shifting your feet with your punches," Blackburn explained. "When you strike, step in with one foot and hold the other back as an anchor. But always keep within punch range. Don't lean over to reach your mark."

It came to me quickly. I could shove my left foot out for leverage in driving a left-hand punch home, then shift over and move the right leg forward to give me balance for right-hand bombing. In this way I could shuffle into a foe with a balanced attack. I could punch straight or hook with either fist without drawing back a knuckle or clinching.

Then, by shifting my feet in slipping a foe's lead, I was always on balance to counter. One of my most durable sparring partners today, Leonard Dixon, says my punches creep up and blind him when he isn't looking. That's because I shuffle into punch range while on balance and snap blows home.

After getting me on balance to some extent, Blackburn showed me how to hit without injuring my hands. All cracked knuckles come of faulty hitting. I was driving my thumb back into my wrist with each blow.

"You do that," Blackburn said, "because you hit with the thumb end of your fist up. Now try raising your elbow and turning your fist over so the back of your hand is up and your thumb is curled down underneath as you land your blow."

THAT gave me a corkscrew twist as I snapped home punches. And Jack showed me how and why it paid to snap them. He used a hammer on the ring gong. First he swung a long sweeping blow, and as the hammer head struck the bell, he held it there tight against it. The ring was deadened. Then he drew the hammer back only six inches and snapped it against the bell and back with a quick jerk of the wrist. That made it ring out good and loud.

"It's the same when you're ringing the birdie bell," he said. "If you snap a punch to the chin like that, the effect is sharper. If you swing from the canvas and fall in with the punch, you muffle it."

My first three opponents were easy victims of snap punches—Jack Kracken, Willie Davies, and Larry Udell.

Then my fourth pro foe, Jack Kranz, got on a bicycle and I didn't know how to catch up with his chin. He lasted the full eight-round limit and it was a monotonous bout, though I won the decision.

Two days later Blackburn came into the gymnasium with a brick. "If I draw this brick back like this—like I'm going to throw it at you, Joe—what are you going to do?" he asked me.

"I'm going to duck," I told him.

"Sure you're gonna duck," he came back, "and after you duck I can pop you on the head easy, can't I?"

"Then you better duck," I said.

"Never mind what you'd do." He got serious. "You just imagine your glove is a brick when you get in that ring today. Draw it back like you're going to throw it. Then, when he ducks, pop him on the chin with your other fist."

That was the way I learned how to feint an opponent out of position; learned the way old-timers like Blackburn, Sam Langford, Joe Gans, and Jack Dempsey feinted. I learned how to catch up with retreating chins.

In my very next start I feinted with a right, then hooked Buck Everett out of the picture with a left in the second round. I guess I was too intent on feinting Otto Borchuk in my next start in Detroit and left my chin open. Anyway, Otto hit me so hard on the jaw with a long right that he chipped one of my teeth. That is the hardest I've been hit and was the only time I was hurt until Max Baer socked me on the cheek after the bell in the second round of our scrap. But I knocked out Borchuk in the fourth.

After that scare, Blackburn drilled me on countering a right-hand swing. He had me weave under them and jolt my own right to the heart. That proved very useful against Baer and Carnera. But my next opponent, Adolph Wiater, came whirling in, head down and gloves flying! I drilled him with a straight right in the first round, but he bounced off the canvas and kept ramming me backward for the next nine rounds. I couldn't get my balanced biffing working right when crowded.

Now let a fellow charge into me and I just step aside, catch his arm, spin him around, and sock an unprotected

Acme photos

Joe gives Max Baer an object lesson in the killer's trick of hitting while on balance.

chin. Blackburn showed me how to spin a man right after I fought Wiater.

Other club fights followed until I met Charley Massera in the Chicago Coliseum. He was a noted body pummeler, and the old saying that Negroes can't take it downstairs caused many to back him, including Promoter Jim Mullen. Blackburn told me to keep my arms close together and catch Charley's body shots, then counter to the chin. He was too light and just a toy in my arms. A short right draped him over the ropes in the third round.

For bombing Massera I collected my first $1,000 purse. That knockout also opened the way for me into the big arenas. My first major fight followed, against Lee Ramage in the Chicago Stadium.

Ramage was slippery as an eel. His left jab danced in my face and I kept tossing rights at his chin for seven rounds before connecting in the eighth and scoring a knockout. At that, I had to slow his gait down with a shot to the body in the sixth.

The Ramage bout showed I had trouble reaching a moving target. Blackburn found a remedy. When we left for California for a return match with Ramage after thumping Patsy Perroni and Hans Birkie for victories, Jack took golf clubs along. He told me to tee off first.

"Why do you wiggle your club head behind the ball like that, Joe?" he asked.

"Why, to get the range and feel of the club for my swing," I said.

"Well, then," he said, "when you work out this afternoon, why can't you reach out with an open left hand and feel your range for punches the same way?"

And so I learned another thing I needed. Soon after that I shuffled under Red Barry's outstretched left arm in San Francisco, touched his chest with an open left until I knew I was within range, and shot a right cross to his chin for a three-round kayo.

Now that is my favorite stunt. I shuffled under Carnera's telephone-pole arms, felt my range, and cut his body down to my own size. I had to chop his ribs until he brought his guard down; then I took pot shots at the chin until he dropped in the sixth.

Every time I hit Max Baer's chin it was like ramming a brick out of a wall with my fist.

Baer really crossed us. Instead of bolting from his corner whirling his fists, as we expected, he hid behind an outstretched left with his right cocked. So I had to switch my plans after the gong, but the instant I popped him with my first left lead, I knew he was my Baer. These jaw riveters set him up for the kill.

I believe I could have knocked out a rushing Baer quicker. I would have slipped under his right-hand leads and hooked him in the ribs. I was disappointed, too, because the 84,000 fans who paid close to a million dollars were entitled to an eyeful of dynamite.

You see, at my best I am a counterpuncher. Blackburn always taught me a defense for every lead. He taught me to block and still keep my balance for counters, and old Sam Langford recently told me that he and the old master, Joe Gans, once agreed that a counterpuncher was a hell of a man to be in the ring with, providing he could punch dynamite.

Baer tried to mix with me midway in the first round and my counters made him back up. After that it was a case of bringing down a beaten adversary, though he did hurt me when he slammed my cheek after the bell in the second round. He is the toughest man I ever brought down but one of the easiest to hit. He was fortunate to come along at a time when the ring was cluttered with punchless heavies. He took their Sunday blows, made faces at 'em, then knocked 'em kicking. In my fight with him a right to the button followed by a glancing left hook as he was falling finished him in the fourth.

I was glad that Jack Dempsey, who seconded Max, was the first to congratulate me. Dempsey used to be my idol while I was working my way to the top.

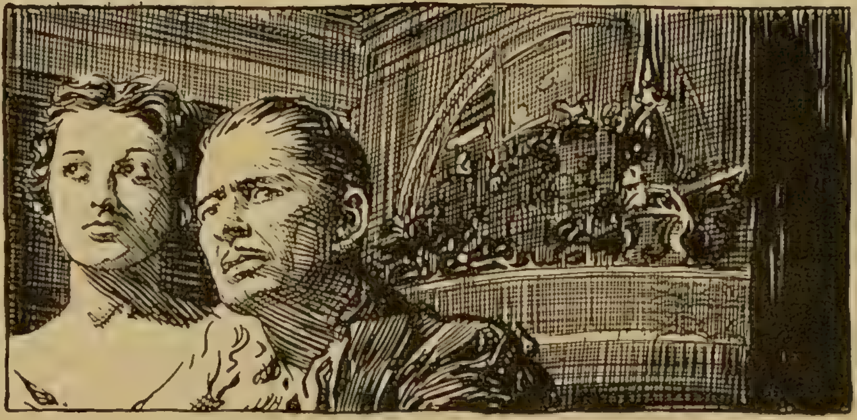
Friends tell me that Champion Jim Braddock will carry the fight to me. I hope so. I crave a real battle. Levinsky and Baer promised me one but didn't deliver. Braddock is a game fellow. I expect my hardest fight will be the one for the world's championship.

And if I win the crown I want to keep on fighting and be a credit to my race. I'd like to fight at least once a month, but I can see that will be impossible because of a lack of suitable opponents.

Trainer Blackburn said I was born with two strikes on me. Well, I'm getting quite a kick out of that third swing.

THE END

The WORLD of TOMORROW



See with Two Eyes! Listen with Both Ears!

by RAY CUMMINGS

YOU and your wife tonight are attending a momentous motion-picture performance. It marks the beginning of a new era in the development of mechanical drama—the introduction of the third dimension of both sight and sound.

You are early. The theater is still glowing with soft tube-light radiation. You sit near the middle of the first balcony. Giant rose-colored portieres are shrouding the stage.

You say, "Now, this thing is really very simple—you ought to be able to understand it. Objects have three dimensions—length, breadth, and thickness. But when you look at an ordinary printed picture or a motion picture, all you see are length and breadth. There isn't any thickness. You imagine the depth—by the perspective—that is, things farther away are smaller. Tonight this motion picture is going to have the third dimension.

"Sound is just the same," you continue. "You hear the natural sound world with two ears. And sounds come at you from a lot of different places. But motion-picture sounds, before tonight, always came from one place only. To convey distance, they got fainter."

The auditorium is darkening. The rose portieres part and lift. You see a huge empty ballroom. It is a hundred feet wide, fifty feet high, and at least two hundred feet from the footlights back to its rear wall. Your wife whispers, "Where's the screen?"

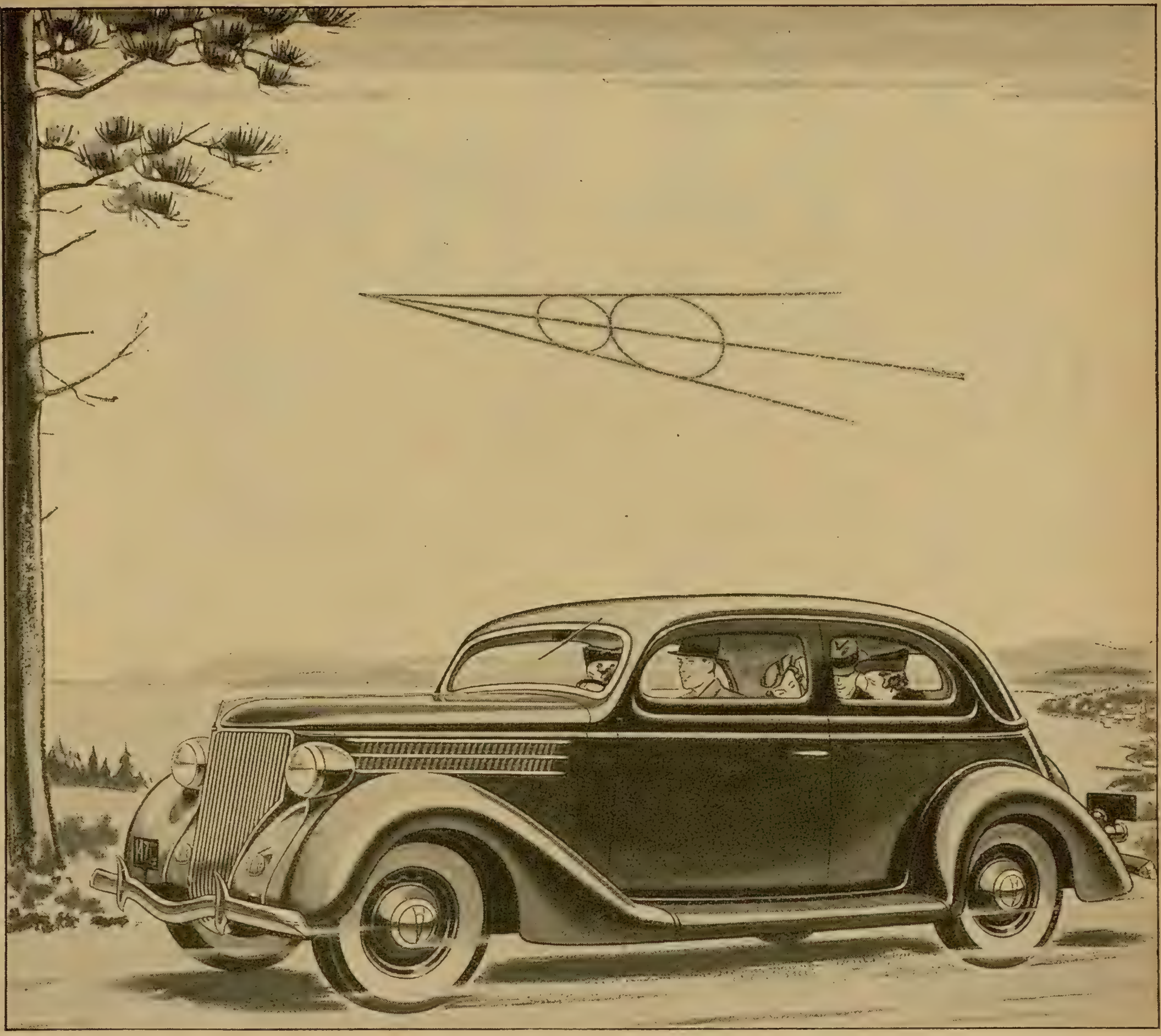
You answer, "That's the screen. The picture is being thrown on it from behind. That depth you see is in the picture."

Music comes from outside the ballroom. It's obviously out beyond that left-hand arcade which leads into the moonlit gardens. Nobody has to tell you that; you can hear it coming from there.

People are entering the ballroom now. A group of girls in gay masquerade costumes of vivid color come down near the front of the room. You are in the balcony, so you can see over their heads to the other people in the ballroom behind them. The hero and heroine are over at the right. Their voices are there.

Your wife grips your arm. She murmurs, "Why, this—this is real!"

Now that is something like motion pictures ought to be but are not—yet. Nevertheless every big company is working in that direction. And in the Bell Telephone laboratories in New York City, Dr. Harvey Fletcher, director of acoustical research, has already developed three-dimensional sound recording and transmission with exactly the effects I have described.



THE NEW FORD V·8 FOR 1936

Distinguished new beauty has been combined with the comfort, safety and performance that have put the Ford V-8 in a class by itself. The car that led all others in 1935 has been made still better for the new year. . . . The New Ford V-8 provides every modern feature with the assurance of satisfactory service. There are no experiments in it—nothing about it that has not been tried and tested. This means a great deal—especially in mechanical construction and safety. . . . The Ford V-8 gives you fine-car performance because of its V-8 engine—it stands out also because it is such a safe car. It has a genuine steel body. All body types have Safety Glass throughout at no additional cost. The big, powerful Super-Safety Brakes stop the car easily, quickly and with certainty. Ease of control has been increased by a new steering gear ratio and new ease of shifting gears. . . . The 1936 Ford V-8 is the finest, safest, most dependable Ford car ever built.

Continuing

The PRESIDENT'S MYSTERY Story

AN EXCITING NOVEL OF A MAN,
A PROBLEM, AND FIVE
MILLION DOLLARS

○

PLOT BY
FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

PART TWO—"IF YOU WANT ME . . ."

by SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

READING TIME ● 32 MINUTES

JIM was doing some fast thinking in those next two seconds. Ilka and Earle Marshall were planning to murder him! With the presumable design of living happily ever afterward on the widow's very generous mite. But as soon as the tennis player returned the deception of the telephone was sure to come to light. Suspicion might—probably would—fall on him, though of course the lovers knew nothing of his proficiency as a ventriloquist. To blind the trail, he now suddenly—and to Ilka quite bewilderingly—assumed a woman's contralto, languid and cultivated:

"Thank you, my deah. Perhaps you will be more discreet in your reflections upon otheh women's conduct hereaftah."

Before restoring the receiver to its place he heard a sick gasp. . . .

Sleep was not for Ilka Blake that night. She sent for the early-morning newspapers and read of Earle Marshall's victory in the finals at Virginia Beach on the previous afternoon. To his apartment she dispatched a frantic and imperative message, which he found on his arrival. But by the time he presented himself in response to her summons she had cooled down and reconsidered. Only one question did she put to him:

"Did you phone me yesterday, darr-leeng?"

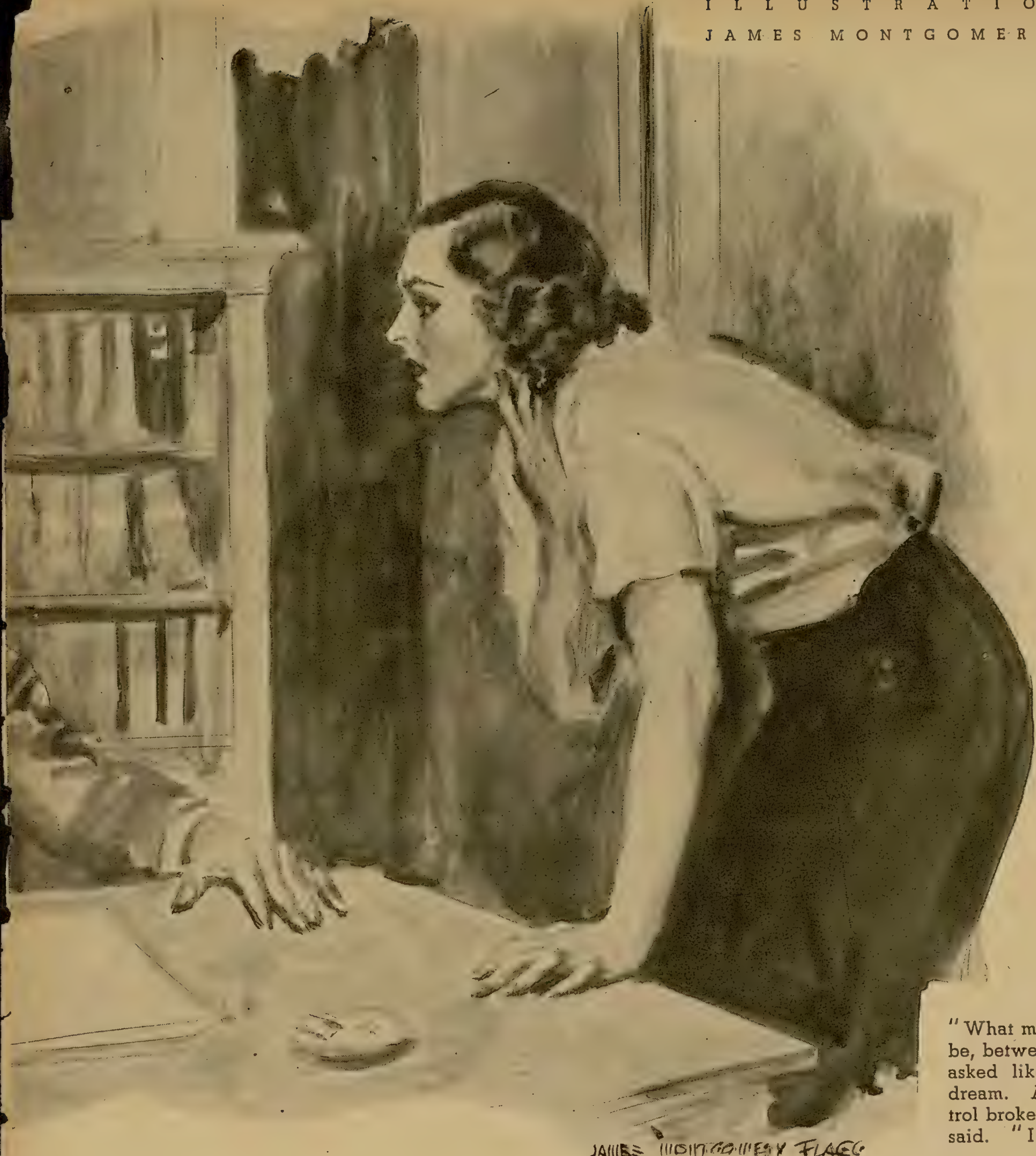
"From Virginia? I should hope to tell you not. Why?"

"Notheeng. There was a call which I did not understand."

Story told by

RUPERT HUGHES
●
SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS
●
ANTHONY ABBOT
●
RITA WEIMAN
●
S. S. VAN DINE
●
JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



"What more could there be, between us?" Blake asked like a man in a dream. At that her control broke. "Don't!" she said. "I can't bear it."

If she told him everything he would be furious at her for her perilous indiscretion. Moreover, like Jim, she suspected Earle of cowardice. It would be quite in character for him to become panic-stricken and break off their liaison if he learned of the danger in which it might involve his precious self.

As time went on and she heard nothing further from the mysterious and terrifying mimic, her alarms became dormant. But she dropped her murderous plans. Too risky in the face of the unknown element of espionage! . . .

Meanwhile James L. Blake, fortified in his resolution by what he had learned, left the railroad station, abandoned his trip, and in a kind of daze went back to the office. He met Charlotte in the reception room. There were papers in her hand.

"What are you doing here so late?" he asked harshly.

She stared at his face, her own growing white.

"What is it?" she half-whispered. "Something has happened."

"Nothing," he denied. "I came back to attend to some private matters."

"Private? From me? Or can I help?"

"Not in this. Otherwise I should have asked you to stay." Her heart sickened at the misery in his look. "Why are you here?"

She held up the correspondence.

"We had to get up that bill of particulars, after all. Since you're here, will you look them over?"

"Not now."

"Herr Doktor, I want you to tell me something."

Early in her employment she had found, while restoring order to his desk, the parchment of an LL.D. degree conferred upon him some years before. Occasionally she would lighten moments of tension by using the title, always with the added stiffness of the German form.

"I probably shan't. But you can ask."

"Where did you dine?"

"This evening? Why—er—I believe I didn't."

"Just what I thought," she said, triumphant and ac cusing. "Well, I'm going out to get some supper. On the office. And I think the expense account might even stand a steak and a bottle of ale for you at Cervelli's."

"No," he decided. "I'm not hungry. And I haven't finished with my business inside."

"Then I'll wait here."

"You'll do nothing of the sort. I wish to be alone."

Charlotte did not intend that he should be alone if she could help it. She knew that he kept a revolver in the side drawer of his desk. She said casually:

"As soon as I've finished my work, then."

Blake's nerves had had about all they could stand.

"Take it home with you," he snapped.

"And leave you here alone at this time of night?" she exclaimed.

"Are you afraid for me?" he asked, surprised and contemptuous. It never occurred to Jim Blake to mistrust his competency to take care of himself.

"No; of course not."

She could not tell him she was chiefly concerned with whether Jim Blake would find life still endurable if he had discovered what she feared he had. That pistol—

"You're afraid I might be feeling desperate," pursued Blake, dark with suspicion. "Why? How much do you know that you haven't told me?"

"Nothing," she hastily disclaimed.

"Or suspect?"

"I don't suspect anything," she retorted. "Why should I? But I don't understand your being here at ten o'—"

"After all, that is my own affair. Please forget it—let's drop it."

She set down her papers.

"Will you come to Cervelli's? If I wait there?"

"No."

"Then I'm staying."

She sat down.

It was amazing how much cool immovable obstinacy that small rounded chin, that soft even voice could express. Jim Blake's mouth thinned out to a grayish line.

"You are leaving in one minute or you are leaving the firm for good and all."

"Ordered out?" Her eyes were wide with disbelief.

"I'm asking your resignation in exactly forty seconds."

"Very well, Mr. Blake."

The door closed behind her. Jim slumped in a chair. How could he have been such an imbecile?

It was alien to Jim's character ever to retract a decision or go back on an action. He sat and cursed and struggled. But in the end he called up Cervelli's and asked whether Miss Hope was there. After a wait her voice said:

"Who is it?"

"Me." (This was no time for the refinements of grammar.)

"Oh! I'm so glad you called." Her voice was demure and composed. "There are some details of my resignation we should discuss, if you don't mind. A resigning partner is more than just a discharged employee—"

"I'll be right over," he said.

Bang! went the telephone.

"I was thinking of calling you up anyway," she told him, when he came to her table.

"Why?"

"About a reference, and because I was worried."

"You needn't have been."

"You look better," she commented.

For long minutes of unembarrassed silence he contemplated her face. Often they sat together speechless, and from the first these interludes had seemed natural and companionable. Finally he spoke:

"How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-six. But why the sudden interest?"

"Good God! Is that all?" He seemed taken aback. "Why, of course—you're only a kid when one looks at you. I keep forgetting it because you're so infernally businesslike and serious in the office. Twenty-six," he repeated in wonder. "It isn't much of a life for any one of that age, is it!"

"I'm satisfied," she returned shortly.

"Are you? *Are* you? I wonder why. It makes it hard, what I had in mind to say—to hope. I'm forty-three."

"Are you, Herr Doktor?" She smiled. "Not always. Not to me."

"Is that true, Charlotte?"

"Oh, I've seen you when you were at least eighty," she made haste to answer. "Fairly patriarchal. . . . What about my resignation?"

"Maybe you won't need it. But maybe you would like a reference?"

He laughed, fell into another brown study, drew a pencil from his pocket, wrote on the back of the menu, and handed it to her.

"Would that do?"

The legend ran:

> To Whom It Most Concerns:
>
> This certifies that Charlotte Hope has been in the employment of the undersigned for eight years, in which time she has become not only a junior partner but also the one woman in the world essential to his happiness.
>
> *(Signed)* James L. Blake.

She read and reread it, and when she turned her grave look upon the man opposite, years and sadness seemed to have come into her face.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

Successful lawyer and millionaire though Jim Blake is, with a beautiful exotic wife and a great house at fashionable Southampton, he is not happy. Ilka Varaska, a Russian actress-refugee, married him some years before (Jim is now forty-three), but she has steadily refused to have the children he has always wanted. Ilka also has a bad temper, and Jim is afraid of some desperate act on her part.

Quarrels are constant, but Ilka will not consent to a divorce—she likes Jim's money too much—and he himself hates the idea of any such scandal. So Jim Blake longs to vanish from the scene and take most of his fortune with him, to begin life over again as another person. Once free, he feels he would like to devote himself and his wealth to promoting public betterment, especially in sports.

Discovery that his wife is carrying on a shameless intrigue with a young protégé of his, Earle Marshall, an outstanding tennis amateur, intensifies his desire to disappear.

But how can he do so without leaving a trace? How convert his holdings into five million dollars cash—leaving Ilka a million or two, of course—and do what is even more difficult, convert *himself* into another person entirely?

Another complicating factor is his increasing love for Charlotte Hope, a charming and intelligent girl who has risen to partnership in his firm. He can't take her with him.

As a first step he plans to change his voice, and hires Vaurot, a master ventriloquist and mimic, to school him. Jim progresses wonderfully in a few months under this secret instruction. Also, for practice, he concentrates on the imitation of Earle Marshall's voice, and when the tennis player goes down South for a match game, Jim ventures to telephone Ilka, using her lover's tone and peculiar inflections.

The faithless wife is completely taken in. So much so that she reveals their plot to kill Jim when he goes to his isolated lodge in the Adirondacks, by toppling him off a cliff. Listening to this horrible disclosure, Jim's mind reels.

What can he say to Ilka? His first impulse is to hang up the receiver. Then he remembers there is something he should say to her—*must* say to her—

"I think you don't mean that," she breathed.

"Then you were never so wrong in your life," he cried.

"No; I'm right. I know something of what you've been going through."

"Listen to me," he broke in imperiously. "I'm through with this life I've been living. I've got other plans. Bigger things that you can help me with. I need you. And I love you. I'm asking you to trust me; to come away with me now. Could you, Charlotte?"

"I understand, Jim." Her small shaken voice uttered his given name for the first time. "Better than you do. You've had a bad jar and you think your life is spoiled. It isn't. You really love Ilka still—oh, don't try to tell me; I know—and nobody else is ever going to take her place with you. However appearances may be against her, things aren't as bad as you think they are," she lied loyally, trying to save him suffering. "You can remake a life with her if you try."

"I love you," he returned doggedly.

"As a substitute? No, thank you, Jim. I'm afraid I could never accommodate myself to secondary things. But I can be your friend, and a true one."

"There's generally one reason, and only one, for a woman saying that to a man. Is there some other man, my dear?"

Why not take the easy way thus provided? Charlotte said clearly:

"Yes, there is."

"I see." He contrived a smile. "If it means happiness for you, I'm sincerely glad."

HAPPINESS? That role would not be too easy to carry out in daily association with Jim Blake. She said quietly:

"Not altogether. He's not free."

"I'm sorry, my dear." He rallied his resolution. "Well, if you have need for a first-class law firm, Blake, Driscoll & Shapiro are at your service, though divorce is rather out of our line. You'll be in the office at the usual time tomorrow?"

She smiled rather forlornly.

"Yes, Mr. Blake."

As he turned away for his hat, he missed seeing the swift movement with which she caught the inscribed menu to her cheek and then slipped it into her purse. . . .

Disillusionment acts as a brake upon the purposes of most men. To James Blake it was a spur. Resolutely he directed the full force of his will to the building up of the new life that he had planned, even though he must pursue it alone. His first step had been to rent a quiet room in a Brooklyn back street. Now Jim took a second step. To his staff he added a dramatic coach who undertook to give him private lessons five days a week.

After the first week the shrewd old ex-tragedian said:

"Mr. Burton" (a name which Blake had temporarily assumed),

STOP THAT COLD *Quickly!* WITH THIS BASIC TREATMENT

Cleanse system **and** *combat acidity*

...How SAL HEPATICA does both!

"WATCH out for colds during November!" doctors warn. "For this is one of the worst 'cold-catching' months of the year."

And these medical authorities agree on the most effective treatment for clearing up a cold quickly . . . for stopping many before they start:

"Cleanse system thoroughly," they advise, "*and* correct the systemic acidity that always aggravates a cold."

Sal Hepatica is one laxative specially designed to do both. Just take two teaspoonfuls in a glass of water. Quickly, the alkaline action of this mineral salt laxative begins to counteract your acid condition . . . to build up your normal alkaline reserve.

At the same time, Sal Hepatica gently, but thoroughly, frees your intestinal tract of wastes and poisons . . . cleans and purifies your system.

Unlike other laxatives

These same results cannot, of course, be expected from ordinary laxatives. For, while the usual laxative *does* cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct your acid condition.

So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully.

NOTE: Until your cold is under control, take Sal Hepatica as an alkalinizer. For this purpose many physicians recommend half a teaspoonful in a glass of water.

TUNE IN! Fred Allen's "TOWN HALL TONIGHT." One full hour of music, drama, sparkling fun. Wednesday nights, N.B.C. Network.

RECOMMENDED BY DOCTORS FOR OVER 40 YEARS FOR . . .
COLDS
HEADACHES
UPSET STOMACH
INDIGESTION
NERVOUSNESS
UNNATURAL FATIGUE

All these ailments are commonly associated with and aggravated by constipation and an acid condition.

Sal Hepatica
LAXATIVE & CATHARTIC

FOR CONSTIPATION

To get *real relief* from the disagreeable effects of constipation, you must correct acidity as well as cleanse your system. That's why millions are turning to Sal Hepatica, the unique mineral salt laxative that is specifically designed to do both.

“you don't really want to become an actor. Now, do you?”

“No,” confessed the pupil, amused at his mentor's perspicacity.

“I could serve you better if I knew what you do want.”

“I want to be some person not myself.”

“Who?”

“Anybody. It doesn't matter.”

“Believe me, it does. We shall get nowhere that way. If you want to be somebody else, pick your model.”

This seemed to Jim to make sound sense. After careful consideration he selected for his pattern of behavior and bearing a fellow member of the Patroons Club, one Fallinson. This middle-aged, middle-everything-else gentleman was as neutral as a plastered wall. Because his very impersonality exuded an atmosphere of peace and restfulness, the vital Blake liked occasionally to lunch with him. Now he arranged a dinner to which he invited Fallinson and old Carnock, his coach. The ex-actor approved his choice.

“You couldn't do better. But it won't be easy.”

From then on, the lawyer manifested a predilection for Fallinson's society which evoked something akin to astonishment in that placid soul. Every day Jim took his notes back to the expert and was put through a rigorous drill.

“You *could* have been an actor if you had chosen,” pronounced Carnock at the end of a month. “If you aren't Mr. Fallinson now, you're at least his twin brother. Except, of course, in looks.”

“Oh, yes—looks,” murmured the pupil absently. “Well, I don't think I'll undertake to look like Fallinson. I'll do something else about that.”

The something else began with diet and fencing, which presently took off thirty pounds and made him look seven or eight years younger. Meantime, meditating far more radical measures, he was reading exhaustively in the medical journals every report and case history that he could find on the marvelously developing science of heteroplasty—that art of skin grafting, reconstruction of features, and even more daring experimentation. The surgeon whose reports most impressed him was a Dr. Basil Grimshaw of Omaha. He wrote to Dr. Grimshaw under his other name of Burton.

All these activities kept Jim much away from the office. Even more it kept him aloof from Charlotte Hope. This, he considered, was best for his peace of mind.

It was not best for hers. Jim's growing detachment from work not only left a void in her life but it put a burden of anxiety and suspicion upon her. What was he preparing for? Why should a man in the prime of his years, his responsibilities and his success, thus deliberately alienate himself from all that had made up his normal existence? Was it knowledge of Ilka's unfaithfulness that was poisoning his happiness? If so, to what desperation might that not drive him? Remembering the revolver in the drawer, Charlotte thought fearfully that perhaps she knew the answer.

AT such infrequent intervals as they were now together, she studied him with the secret absorption of the woman unselfishly in love. Was it unhappiness that was responsible for the change in him? Sometimes she doubted it. At least, there seemed to be some other motivation which she could not guess, to which he had given her no clue. She could not rid herself of the conviction that he still loved his wife.

And yet— One day he came in, haggard. It was soon after an announcement which he had made to her that he was shortly to make “a brief trip to the Middle West on business.” Charlotte too had had a bad night and was lax and unstrung. Nevertheless she contrived to assume that mask of smiling quietude which, she had long since discovered, soothed and pacified his less rigorously controlled nerves. It was a morning of consultation with her about her cases; of odds and ends—papers to be rearranged, records to be looked up, fragmentary directions to be noted. Blake's manner evinced a sort of weary tensity which presently relaxed as his eyes followed her smooth activities. So poignantly sensitive was she to his scrutiny that presently she made an excuse to get out of the room and recover herself. When she came back, it was to encounter his regard still hypnotically fixed upon the door through which she had passed; she felt sure it had not wavered through the five minutes of her absence. She controlled herself to ask:

“Is there anything more, Mr. Blake?”

“More?” he repeated like a man in a dream. “What more could there be, between us?”

At that her control broke:

“Don't! I can't bear it.”

He twitched himself erect in his chair.

“Sorry. Am I making it hard for you?”

“Too hard,” she answered recklessly, and waited, with breath caught in her throat, for what might be coming. If he translated into action the longing and the suppressed passion of the eyes that had followed her all morning, if he came to her now and took her in his arms—

“That's bad,” he muttered. “I'll be more careful.”

SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

went on the New York Sun after graduating at Hamilton College. He has written a number of successful novels, among them being Siege, Success, The Flagrant Years, Revelry, and The Gorgeous Hussy. Mr. Adams says that among his chief vices are fishing and antiquing. He has built up noteworthy collections of early American prints and flasks.

THE personal note was not touched again until the end of the day's work. Then, regarding her long and thoughtfully, he said:

“I'm afraid you're not very happy, either, my dear.”

“It doesn't matter.”

“Yes. It matters. To me. Very greatly.”

“Oh, I shan't die of it.”

She was being determinedly flippant.

“No, we don't die of these things. Well, it's after six. Are you leaving?”

“Not quite yet. I have some things to finish up.”

For long after his good night she sat thinking. Mechanically she slipped a sheet of paper into her typewriter, then laughed ruefully at herself. One did not type the kind of thing she had in mind to say to Jim Blake. She took a sheet of blank paper and in her strong and smooth hand she wrote:

> If you want me—if you are sure that I can give you the forgetfulness and happiness that you need, even though it should be for only a little while—I will go with you whenever you say. You will know what this means: that I love you. C.

This she sealed in an unaddressed envelope which she locked into her private drawer. She might never send it. She told herself that she never would send it. She shut her mind against the vision of herself leaving it on his desk, of his face when he opened and read it.

Though it were never opened, though it never came to his eyes, still it had appeased the hunger and restlessness of her nerves merely to have committed the living words to paper. . . .

After a delay which fretted his impatient soul, Blake received a letter from Dr. Grimshaw offering several alternative appointments. But it did not suit Jim's purpose just then to go to Omaha. Instead he called Grimshaw on the long-distance telephone and explained his mission. The surgeon put a number of questions so unrelated and trivial that Jim readily identified the motive underlying them—a deep suspicion of the whole project. At length emerged the query:

“Why do you wish to alter your appearance?”

“For reasons private to myself.”

“H'm. I dare say.”

“What would be your charge?”

“Ten thousand dollars—if I take the case.”

“That would include everything? Fingers, hair, eyes, features—”

“But not the voice and manner. That is not for us.”

“I will venture so far as to undertake that myself,” answered Jim, with a change of voice so immediate that Dr. Basil Grimshaw almost dropped the receiver.

By the time he had recovered himself his prospective patient had reassumed his rightful self to inquire:

"How long would you estimate that the process would take?"

"Four months, if I—"

"The ten thousand cash will be in your hands before October first."

"Why cash?"

"Why not?" countered the other.

"Your check would be quite satisfactory."

"I prefer a cash deal."

The surgeon cleared his throat and spoke harshly into the transmitter:

"Shall *I* tell *you* the reason? Because a check is identifiable. It has a traceable name on it."

"Then you think me a crook," said Jim imperturbably.

"Perhaps not yet. But your reason for altering what is probably a perfectly satisfactory set of looks requires more clarification than you seem inclined to furnish."

"I will pay you—"

"It is not a question of terms," cut in the physician sharply, "but of ethics. And ethics are not debatable."

"I bid you good night, Dr. Basil Grimshaw," said Jim, and hung up the receiver.

For two days a detective agency's man gathered data. In the evening Jim again called up Dr. Basil Grimshaw. The surgeon's impatient voice said:

"You'll only be wasting your time and mine."

"Perhaps not."

"Very well. What is it?"

Jim went straight to what he hoped, on the basis of information collected, would be his opponent's weak point:

"You are raising a fund for a new hospital."

"That is correct."

"The fund lacks just $77,566.50 of the estimated need."

"I perceive that you are well informed," was the dry commentary.

"I make it a practice to be in matters of importance," returned Jim with equal crispness.

"Well?"

"I propose to contribute $80,000 to the fund. In addition to your fee, of course."

"Cash again?"

"Cash again."

"No."

The refusal was instant, conclusive. But Jim Blake, a student of men, sensed the struggle behind it. The expression of his voice, his entire manner softened as he said:

"Then there's nothing left but to trust you."

"As you please." Grimshaw was still hostile.

"Stop me when you have heard enough."

Still concealing his real name and address, Blake launched upon the outline of his plan. At the end of three minutes the surgeon cut in: "I've heard enough."

"You'll do it?"

"At your risk. You make me believe you—and sympathize with you. When?"

"Eight weeks from today."

"Good night, Mr. Burton." . . .

It was then that Jim set about the final secret preparations for his disappearance. His first concern was to provide for his wife. Some two million dollars of his fortune was invested in real estate bringing in a little more than seventy thousand dollars a year clear income. These properties he proposed to deed over to Ilka.

"Matter of taxes," he told her briefly. "It will be simpler to handle in your name."

"You know I know nozzing of business, Jeem," said she.

Actually she knew enough to be well content with the free control of so large a sum all her own.

With her husband's new attitude toward her she was far from content. It had begun to worry and exasperate her. To the Russian actress's somewhat primitive psychology, the measure of a woman's hold upon a man was her physical attraction for him. It had been the fulcrum of her leverage upon Jim Blake to move him in conformity to her whims and her extravagances. Now, inexplicably, she had lost it. While, on the one hand, this was a relief to her as simplifying her relations with Earle Marshall, on the other it stung her pride and worried her. Alienation from Jeem, short of the final alienation of the widowhood which she had so carefully planned and still anticipated, was the last thing she wished. Too much might follow in its train.

In these days Jim was, as always, courteous and considerate. But he became more and more withdrawn, absent-minded, and uninterested in her charms. Ilka decided that a lesson was in order. Without saying a word, she locked the door connecting their apartments. Then she waited for the morning to bring some protest or at least question from the excluded husband. Morning after morning for two weeks brought nothing in the way of commentary from the supposed victim of the marital barrier. The chilling suspicion forced itself upon the wife that he had not even noticed it. Considerably discountenanced, she decided upon the opposite tack. She would leave the door wide open.

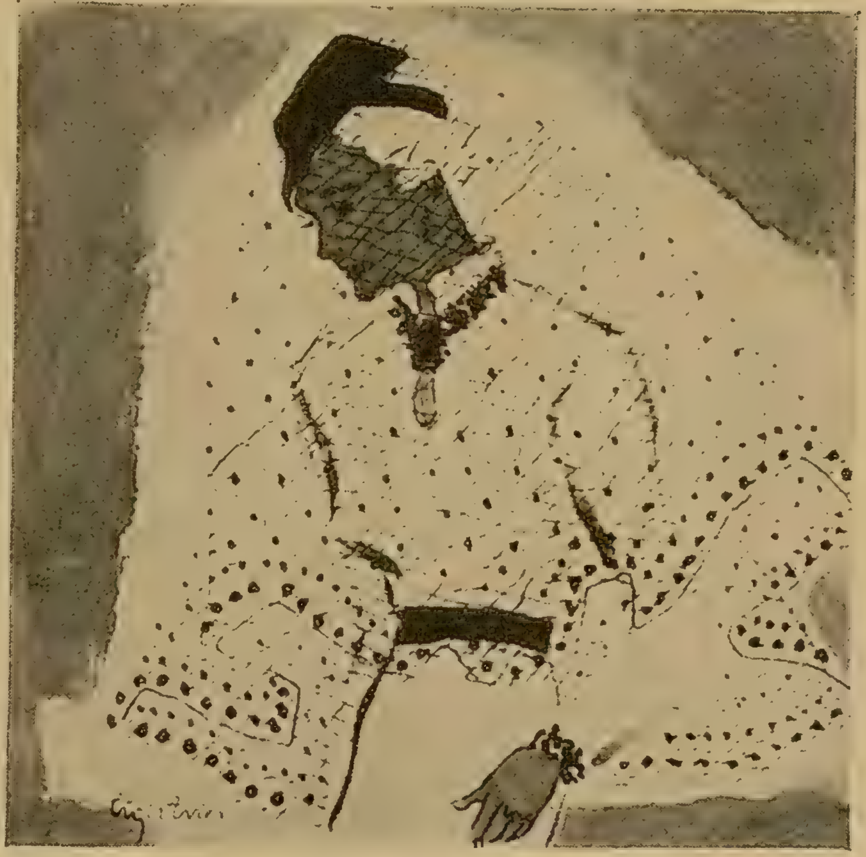
An unexpected obstacle interposed. The door was bolted on his side! She guessed that it had been all along. Ilka raged. It was an insult! Had she investigated she would have found matter for thought. Not that door alone but every door leading into Jim Blake's rooms was locked at night and remained so until morning. Furthermore, old Tinker had, to his manifest delight, bee

FASHION FLASHES
From PARIS

Better be Spanish than mannish next spring, girls, and take to Agnès's new blue mantilla veils that fall to the waist or hips, surrounding you by a mysterious alluring cloud. Some really Castilian effects are of chenille-spotted tulle, but the smartest are in old-fashioned dotted veiling like grandma used to wear.

The veils shelter all sorts of small turbans, some with high comblike trimming or queens' spiky-pointed crowns. One model—a cobweb Chantilly veil over a four-cornered velvet hat—is very Venetian.

DORAMILLER.



brought in from the stables and established on a comfortable mat beside Jim's bed. All this was not insult, as Ilka had thought, but precaution. Recalling that ingenious though abortive project of the automobile and the convenient cliff, Jim had decided that vigilance was likely to be the price of continued existence for him. Life was not too attractive, but he had no taste for being murdered in his sleep by his wife or her paramour. Other matters were in his mind.

At first the affronted wife was for having it out with her husband. But there was in her the instinct of secretiveness, the habit of indirection. That, of herself, she could have become repugnant to her long-enslaved "Jeem," she could not believe. Some other woman must be scheming him away from her. She suspected the woman whose opportunities were the easiest—Charlotte Hope.

On a day when Jim had mentioned that he would not be in the office, she called there and asked for him. The desk girl was courteously regretful: would she like to see his secretary, who would perhaps know when he was expected back?

"Thank you, no," said Ilka. "I think I would rather see Miss Hope."

For Charlotte she put on her most alluring smile.

"Could you find my 'usband for me?"

"I'm sorry," said Charlotte, "but I haven't the faintest idea where he is."

"It does not so mooch matter." Ilka regarded the woman lawyer pensively for a moment before saying: "Soon you will have a vacation, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Vacation?" repeated the other, wondering. "Why, no. I've already had it."

"But anozzer. It is Jeem who gifs you the so mooch work. Vacation when Jeem goes away."

"I know nothing about that."

"But surely you know zat he—zat we are going away?" persisted the wife.

"No," said Charlotte; "Mr. Blake has said nothing about it to me."

"It is odd. You are so mooch his confidante."

"I am his office not his social partner," returned Charlotte, not particularly liking this line. Her smile was as amiable (on the surface) as her visitor's.

"Ah, well. Per'aps he has his rizzons for saying nozzing. We go per'aps to Europe, per'aps to Sous America, per'aps to the Indies. It is long since we have been away togezzer. This weel be like a second honeymoon," she concluded with pensive sweetness, and stared hard at her *vis-à-vis*, for it was this to which she had been leading up.

CHARLOTTE endured the penetrant scrutiny of those brilliant and belligerent eyes with complete imperturbability.

"How delightful for you! And I'm sure Mr. Blake needs a holiday. He works so hard."

"Too hard, I sometimes think," retorted Mrs. Blake with intention.

She took her leave not wholly satisfied with the outcome of her visit.

After the others had left the office that evening, Charlotte took from the drawer into which it had been safely locked a sealed and blank envelope.

Without opening it, she tore it and its contents into small bits.

"Smile when you do that," she whispered to herself. But that was just a little more than she could manage. . . .

What occupied Jim Blake's time and efforts in these days, his woman partner could only surmise. It was not the affairs of the firm. These he had relegated to his partners.

From infrequent fragments of telephone conversations, abruptly terminated as soon as she entered his room, she gathered that it was connected with the stock market. She wondered whether he had taken to speculation as a relief from his worries.

As a matter of fact Blake was engrossed in the by no means simple enterprise of converting his widespread investments into ready money. This he intended to accomplish as quietly as possible. He consulted his friend Stanley Killigrew of Killigrew & Storrs:

"I want to sell my securities."

"Which ones?"

"All of them."

The elderly head of one of Wall Street's oldest firms seldom expressed or even felt surprise; but this startled him.

"I don't get this, Jim. Surely you're not pressed to that extent."

"Put it this way: that I want the money within thirty days."

"That will be pretty quick work."

"Too quick? I don't want to unsettle the market. And above all I don't want to start any rumors that might direct attention to me."

"I understand," stated Killigrew, though he didn't. "Your holdings are something like four million, mostly gilt-edged stuff, I suppose."

"More than that. Say five million, roughly."

"Well, that won't break the market. But it will take careful handling."

The lawyer nodded.

"I THOUGHT I'd put three million into your hands and scatter the balance among eighteen or twenty other houses."

"That's all right," the other approved. "I'll turn it over to our floor member with a 'go slow' order."

"Just so it's completed by the end of the month."

"Will you have the check sent to you or deposited direct?"

"No check. Bills."

"*Bills?*" The confidential broker became the worried friend. "Are you going to turn the whole five million into cash?"

"Yes."

"That's a lot of money, Jim. Is it safe?"

"Probably not if anything leaks out."

"You needn't fear a leak here," the broker assured him, "if you'll keep your end of it tight."

"I'm handling it all personally."

From that day on Blake immersed himself in finance. Steadily his portfolio of securities dwindled: a hundred thousand dollars today, a quarter of a million tomorrow—less when the market slackened, more when it rose. There was some slight comment on the Street. None connected the cautious "dumping" with James L. Blake. Reputable brokers maintain a relationship to a client like that of a physician to a patient or a priest to a penitent. Sales and purchases are matters of inviolable confidence.

For reasons of bulk and weight the seller had to have his proceeds in bills of large denominations. This in itself called for precautions. Following their client's directions, the various brokers gathered here a few $10,000 bills, there fifty or sixty $1,000 banknotes. The suitcase which was kept locked in the Blake safety-deposit vault steadily filled.

One other activity also engaged Jim during these in-between days. He employed a Chicago detective firm on a secret mission, the results of which were not to appear until much later. This he did under the name of Burton, the pupil of Vaurot. His own identity was carefully concealed from the Chicago operators.

From these operations Charlotte Hope was excluded. So little attention did her employer pay to the legal affairs of the firm which he still nominally headed that his "right-hand man," as he had used to call her (she recalled that with a pang), had practically nothing to do. Nothing, she told herself, but worry. Half ruefully, half playfully she said to him one day:

"I don't know just why you keep a high-grade high-priced she attorney about the premises, Herr Doktor."

"Oh, you still have your uses, you know," he returned with his kindly and familiar grin.

"Have I? But I shan't have when you go away."

The smile died.

"What makes you think I am going away?"

"Mrs. Blake said something about it." She hesitated before adding: "She said you were going on a cruise together."

He thought that over a little, then said:

"You must have misunderstood her."

"I think a vacation would be good for you," she persisted.

"Is that a prescription? Who's the doctor now?" he teased.

"You come here night after night to work."

"Now how do you know that?"

"From the condition of your desk in the morning."

"I'll have to clean up more carefully."

He maintained a tone of casual amusement, but she felt a tensity, a wary concealment back of it.

"Couldn't I help?" she asked wistfully. "You used to think me trustworthy."

"I do," came the quick reply. "But this is something I have to do myself."

He was deliberately setting her aside from his life, that life of effort and activity which they had so long and so intimately shared. Yet something made her feel that it was not of his own volition—that some obscure necessity dictated his course and that the necessity hurt him.

Still convinced of his love for Ilka, she knew that he felt for herself at least a strong friendship. Why, then, was he loosening the innocent ties between them?

Must he have all or nothing from her, a woman with whom she felt he was not really in love?

He was planning some project, important and secret. Suddenly the thought of the revolver at the back of his desk took possession of her mind. Could *that* be what he was so carefully planning? She recalled quick flashes of melancholy, almost of anguish, passing over his face when he was lost in one of the reveries which now frequently possessed him. And she thought of a possible clue to his intentions.

Always systematic, Blake kept a special calendar upon which he entered with his own hand all "futures," often weeks, sometimes months ahead. She took it from the drawer where it was kept.

After September 30 there was no entry. Every leaf, to the end, was blank. October 1, then, was to mark a period in Blake's life. Perhaps the final period. Otherwise why that grisly blank?

Charlotte made a decision. Until the last day she would wait for some further clue, some indication of the best course for her to pursue. If none came, she would then go to him and beg, implore his full confidence. . . .

Meanwhile the suitcase in the Blake vault grew fuller and fuller. Reports from the brokers dwindled. Presently came the statement for which he had been waiting. His last security, a block of seven hundred shares of Amalgamated Carbon, had been disposed of and the cash awaited the seller. That was on September 29.

Coming early to the office on the morning of the 30th, Charlotte found on her desk a note in neat familiar writing. Opening it with quickened pulse, she read:

Dear Charlotte:

I have gone away on a business trip. No address. When my work is done you will hear from me. J. L. B.

There followed, at the bottom of the sheet, two lines not so evenly written, which lent a little warmth and comfort to her apprehensive heart:

You mustn't worry about me, my dear. I shall be all right.

Where was he? What was he possibly going to do? Too late she bitterly wished that she had not torn up her own note.

Something told her he was in danger. She must follow him, even if he didn't want her! She must—

Is Charlotte going to follow Jim out West on that mysterious journey of his, and if she dares do it, what will be the consequences? Will all of Jim's elaborate secrecy be in vain? It is hard to wait for Anthony Abbot's installment of this gripping, startling story in the next issue of Liberty.

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INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

SMASHING THE BANK ROBBERS

How the G-Men and Their Allies Are Bringing a Sinister Industry to Its Knees . . . Another Crime Classic

by WILL IRWIN

who wrote Our New Civil War

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

THE typical bank robbery of the past decade is a unique American crime; and its prevalence has been perhaps our chief national disgrace. When the submachine gun and the fast automobile gave these robbers both formidable weapons and a quick getaway, their criminal specialty spread to epidemic proportions. Then, two or three years ago, the Department of Justice took up the problem of interstate crimes, this one among others, arranged for a rough co-ordination between our police forces, and fathered new federal laws which gave the G-men a strong hand in the game. Immediately the rate of bank robberies began to drop and the average cash haul to drop even more sensationally. And that happened not by chance but because the G-men were taking the lead in applying a new and wider method.

To understand which, let us remember that a bank robbery is like an iceberg: four fifths of it lies under the surface. It is one of the most delicate and expert of criminal operations; and nineteen out of twenty of the actual robbers are just murderous little rats without brains, real initiative, or imagination. Wilbur Underhill, who figured as one of the most dangerous of bank bandits, "was practically a moron," says a federal report on his case. John Dillinger and Pretty-Boy Floyd would have ranked very low on intelligence tests. Harvey Bailey and Fred "Killer" Burke, both now serving life sentences, probably had brains up to a certain point; but they are the broad exceptions.

Consequently, from the moment when he draws his gun for his first bank job to the moment when he dies of police bullets or in the chair, the typical bank robber has not only one person doing his thinking for him but many persons. All of them share his profits; and all of them share also his moral and legal guilt.

Often, quite probably, the master mind is a crooked lawyer. The typical "big shot" bank robber has begun his career as a raw boy, by stealing automobiles for more important criminals. He has gone on to simple "stick-ups" or to murderous work in gang wars. All this before more experienced criminals will trust him with a bank robbery. On the way to that bad eminence he has lived through many brushes with the law. From the moment of his first arrest he has been forced to employ lawyers. The incipient gunman usually selects his attorney on the recommendation of some older criminal; and this lawyer is himself often a slippery character who practices subornation of perjury, bribery, creation of false alibis, jury fixing, and procuring abuses of the parole system. For such a lawyer, smelling out banks which can be robbed and planning the details, is scarcely a downward step. But of all persons involved in a bank robbery, the master mind of this type is the hardest to trap.

Now and then one of them makes a slip and we see him for what he is—the inspiration of the whole job. A case of this kind has ended with a flock of convictions to the federal penitentiaries. Loeb L. Cossack was a young attorney of Los Angeles, brilliant but unethical from his very debut at the bar. Even before the operations which won him a fifty-year sentence he was working to beat a charge of crooked work in a bankruptcy case. A series of daring bank robberies broke out in Los Angeles County—thirteen in all, with a total loss of $250,000. Two robbers, one tall and one short, did the work. They introduced a new feature into bank robbery by wearing make-up in place of masks.

The break came through a vague tip to the Burns Detective Agency from the underworld. And it named Cossack as one of the gang! The Burns men, the federal operatives, and the local police installed a dictograph in his office. Acting on what they heard, they arrested Joseph E. West, an old-timer, and Isadore Fenton, a comparative novice, as the short and tall bandits, and Cossack and Betty Lang as accomplices. The woman had lived with West, passing as his wife. When a job was afoot, she had parked her own car near the bank and warned the men of approaching trouble by honking the horn, which had a peculiar note. With West and Cossack, she got fifty years in federal penitentiary for robbing a national bank. Fenton, who confessed, escaped lightly with twenty-five years.

Sometimes the brains of a bank robbery is a woman. Mrs. Lang was probably as important in this gang as Cossack. "Mother" Barker, killed with her son in Florida by federal men, furnished the intelligence for the stupid but cruel Barker-Karpis gang, who began as bank robbers and ended with the Bremer kidnaping. So also Kathryn Kelly of Oklahoma used to plan the jobs of her rather underbrained husband, Machine-gun Kelly, and the group of criminals loosely associated with him in bank robbing.

OFTEN the higher-up—as motion-picture addicts must be aware—is the keeper of some disreputable night club and gambling house where the actual robbers throw away their winnings. He is just as hard to trap as the lawyer. It is doubtful if he usually gets a direct cut of the money. He doesn't have to. He knows that the boys will blow a lot of it in on faro or roulette.

Next in importance among the submerged accomplices in a bank job comes the "finger man." He is constantly inspecting banks to find those whose remoteness, lack of modern devices for protection, or careless habits are an invitation to robbery. Finger men are a miscellaneous lot. Sometimes the finger man is a crooked citizen of the community who perceives the chance of robbing the bank, spies out the land, and makes inquiries among shady characters until he finds a set of robbers who are looking for a prospect.

Often those "gun molls" who live and revel with the thugs of the underworld "finger" banks. Further, there is reason to believe that a few crooks who never wielded a gun in their lives make a good if precarious living by following exclusively this branch of the profession. These men are hard to detect.

The ticklish point in a bank robbery is the getaway. That is the stage of the operation where the bandits take the greatest chance of death or capture; the stage which makes most of them murderers before they have been long in the business. In previous articles in Liberty

Right: End of the trail for Marvin Barrow and his wife. You have seen it before. Did you realize it was a picture of the end of all "big-time" bank robbing? Below is Fred "Killer" Burke, now doing life.

Acme pho

I have described in detail the "getaway chart," carried by the chauffeur of the mob. The chauffeur of the bandit car keeps this chart before him on the wheel as he drives away. But because it is inadvisable for him to show himself in town before the operation, he usually employs another man to make the chart. When the G-men raided John Dillinger's hideout in St. Paul, they found thirty getaway charts for banks on which he had intentions; and it is a moral certainty that Dillinger himself was not the author.

No expert gang of bank robbers trusts to one car. A successful job involves two spare cars, well hidden. Sometimes they use all three; sometimes the third is just a reserve in case they find the road blocked. It goes without saying that they do not buy in the open market at market prices. These are stolen cars. Usually the thieves are boys on the way to banditry, who have sold at the depreciated price of any "hot" article. Enter here from three to a dozen more accessories with guilty knowledge of the criminal act.

To digress for a moment: Harvey Bailey introduced the only notable variation in this part of the operation. Before one of his big jobs he procured a furniture van and had it disguised by painting on its sides the name of a fictitious firm. Also some expert carpenter built a heavy folding runway which could be stored in the body of the van. The small fast car containing the bandits and the loot met the van in a remote spot; was driven inside. There the bandits lumbered soberly away, past dozens of policemen.

NEXT comes the disposal of the loot. The haul often includes traveler's checks, as at Pine Bluff, or negotiable bonds, as in Harvey Bailey's $1,500,000 job at Lincoln, Nebraska. In the latter case, indeed, the greater part of the loot was in securities. The numbers of these financial commodities are a matter of record. Even disposing of currency is not the simple problem it may seem. When the collector bandit grabs the pile in the teller's cage or the vaults, he has not time to look it over. It may be old money or it may be new. In the latter case, the bank may have noted the serial numbers. The bandits themselves take no chances with this delicate stage of the operation. They pass along the hot part to professional fences. The chief agent in this process may be that same crooked lawyer who has planned the whole job. More likely he is a specialist in this kind of thing.

The fact that the underworld knows no boundaries gives him a great advantage. Your typical modern crook has no permanent home; by automobile and airplane he ranges the whole country. The ransom money in the Urschel case at Oklahoma City first appeared—in the hands of professional bill passers—at Minneapolis and St. Paul. The securities which the Bailey gang stole in Lincoln, Nebraska, were offered for sale in big cities strung between San Francisco and New York. It goes without saying that the fence and the fence's errand boys who dispose of hot money taken in a bank robbery know where it came from. So they also are accessories after the fact.

The story of those groups of criminals who centered round Dillinger, Floyd, Baby-Face Nelson, and the Barrow brothers is the story also of their women. These modern gun molls do a hundred and one small errands and services without which a criminal "on the dodge" could not conceal his identity or communicate with confederates as much wanted as he himself. But they are perhaps most useful in giving a sweet domestic atmosphere to hideouts. Arriving in a town convenient to the bank, the experienced bandit dare not show his face in a hotel. He and his girl, impersonating a young married couple, hire a furnished room or apartment. Morally, perhaps legally, these women are exactly as guilty of robbery and murder as the gun wielders.

Finally, these much-wanted characters can keep out of jail only by virtue of a web of hideouts. When the bandit goes alone, he seldom sleeps in the house of any landlord who doesn't know exactly who he is and what he has done. These landlords are of all sorts—small crooked lodging-house keepers living in bond to a big gangster, the boss gambler or the crooked politician who furnishes them protection; married couples willing to take chances for the extortionate rent which the hot gangster must pay; owners of crooked farms and ranches.

Bank robbing was once an urban industry. Of late it has become rural. Most of the notorious leaders, like Burke, Bailey, Dillinger, Floyd, and the Barrows, were country boys who went bad. So the crooked ranch, farm, or fishing camp has recently become important in the criminal scheme.

This business of furnishing hideouts has become almost as well systematized as the legitimate real-estate business. The hot criminal, driven into an unfamiliar city, need know only one thing: the name of a bad citizen who will get him into touch with the local system. Also, crooked garages require mention. These in prohibition days served as "drops" for shipments of alcohol. That profitable business finished, the proprietors continued to pick up illicit money by concealing the spare cars for gangsters planning a getaway and sometimes by acting as brokers for stolen automobiles.

There you are: two to four men at the front of every professional bank robbery; ten to forty other men and women working in the shadows but only a trifle less guilty than the principals. For years the local police and the Burns agency struggled on against a rising tide of bank robberies. The epidemic rose to the virulent stage in 1926, introducing Fred " Killer " Burke, an individual calling for special mention. Detectives who have spent their lives in this war on crime say that Dillinger and Floyd were mere bunglers compared to Burke.

A country boy—his real name was Tom Camp—he learned his trade as a footpad and rumrunner. Then in a fortnight four banks in Michigan, Indiana, and Wisconsin were robbed in daylight to the tune of about $100,000 apiece. The robbers proceeded with unheard-of violence. They all carried submachine guns and as they escaped hey poured a withering fusillade into the streets. Criminals, even more than honest citizens, follow fashions. Young footpads like the Barrows procured machine guns —then almost as easy to buy as motorcars—and took wholesale to bank robbery. Working for a country bank became a dangerous occupation.

He made an unusual record in several other respects, this Burke. Careers in major crime are usually very short. But Burke, whom the police accuse of eleven murders, including the Valentine Day massacre at Chicago, eluded justice for seven or eight years.

His finish was curious. Hiding out from a hot chase, he went to work as a farm hand at Green City, Missouri, fell in love with his employer's daughter and married her. She did not know what he was. Probably he intended to abandon crime and live merrily on his winnings. However, he drove into Michigan and there committed a minor violation of the highway rules. A traffic policeman stepped over. Seeing a uniform approaching, Burke—as was his custom—shot instantly. The policeman died. Burke returned to the farm.

A Macfadden detective magazine published a photograph of him and offered a reward for information leading to his capture. A sandwich cutter in a local restaurant saw the picture and recognized it as that of " Mr. White," who had lately been living beyond the scale appropriate to a farm hand. The police took him, unresisting, from his bed. The Michigan murder was new; and the Michigan authorities beat those of Illinois to the possession of Burke's person. Michigan does not recognize capital punishment; so he, who might have been hanged or electrocuted half a dozen times over, is dragging out the rest of his days as a life-termer.

The police and the private-detective agencies bestirred themselves of course; but the evil grew. In those days no one but the Burns operatives could take a countrywide view of the situation; and they, being a private agency, had no authority.

IT seems ridiculous, now, that the federal police could not take charge of robbery involving a national bank; but so it was. However, the Kansas City massacre and the chase after Dillinger threw the G-men into close and hostile contact with bank robbers. So did their operations under the "Lindbergh law" against kidnaping. That experience led Congress to enact a series of new laws. To rob a national bank or a bank in the Federal Reserve System, to transport loot worth more than $5,000 across a state line, to harbor, aid, abet, or conceal a fugitive from federal justice or a fugitive witness, to have in one's possession an unlicensed machine gun—all became crimes under federal law. The Division of Investigation, Department of Justice, was now ready to work.

On the surface it joined and often directed the hunt for the actual robbers. States which lack a general police force cannot perfectly co-ordinate a general man hunt. The G-men stepped in to supply this need. The federal forces opened a quiet campaign of education for country deputies and small-city police forces. For example, blocking roads to catch a fugitive is an art and a science which few local policemen as yet fully understand. Last winter Alvin Karpis, Public Enemy Number One, attracted suspicious attention at Atlantic City, New Jersey. The police, not knowing with whom they were dealing, started to arrest him. He shot his way out of the cordon and escaped to the mainland. The G-men are instilling into city policemen and country deputies the A B Cs of blocking roads.

Other devices are helping in the direct frontal attack on the actual bank robbers. The short-wave system of police alarms is spreading. Of late the federal men have installed a two-way device, whereby the occupants of a police car can not only receive radio messages but transmit them. And a central station for important police alarms, with the range of a national hookup, is on the way. Both the Department of Justice and the American Bankers' Association are encouraging country banks to install modern protective mechanism and to make better use of the protection they already have. For one thing: the floor of the bank is no place for a watchman. He should stand on a balcony where he can with his gun command both the single approach and the whole floor.

A recent case in the annals of the Burns agency is illuminating. The story begins in the conventional fashion with three hard-faced young men entering a bank in a Missouri town. One of them drew his gun and covered the teller. " This is a stick-up! "

Snap! And a glass panel had slid into place to cover the opening of the teller's cage. Snap! And doors began to close; all of which happened simply because the teller had touched two buttons. The bandits stood confronted with an unbroken cage of armor plate, steel, and glass. The triggerman lost his head and fired at a window behind which still sat the teller. The bullets simply bounced away. This was shatterproof glass.

WHEN the robbers entered, the watchman was not on the floor. He now stood behind the glass, reaching into his pockets. There was a foot of space between the cage and the ceiling. Through this narrow aperture there came looping two tear-gas grenades, all primed and sputtering. Fifteen seconds later the bandits, blinded, ran out on to the street. The teller had pressed a third button; this one connected with headquarters. But things had happened so fast that the police arrived a few seconds too late. However, the eyewitnesses could describe the bandits. One man, resisting arrest for this crime, was killed. Two others are awaiting trial.

More and more, captured bank robbers find their cases coming into federal court. Twenty-five years is today a relatively light sentence for a professional criminal convicted in federal court of robbery with arms. He is more likely to get fifty years. And why not? Already he has usually committed murder. Also, every bank robbery is a potential murder.

The new policy of the federal authorities is making the underworld an unfavorable ground for bank robbers between jobs. Unhappily the G-men have seldom reached, as yet, the higher-ups. That may come. Nothing would have more effect in discouraging bank robbery.

Meanwhile, in 1933 there were 37 per cent fewer bank robberies than in 1932. In 1934 the rate took another drop—this time of 30 per cent. Most encouraging of all, perhaps, the money loss in bank robberies declined still further. No more $100,000 jobs; the banks which keep about the place as much currency as that are too well protected with mechanical devices. A haul of $10,000 is big money nowadays. Commonly the robbers take away only two or three thousand dollars. This hardly pays operating expenses. Significantly also, the most banks which handed money over to robbers last year were small state-chartered institutions belonging neither to the Federal Reserve System nor to the American Bankers' Association.

We shall have bank robbing with us for some time, if only because criminals are creatures of tradition. Bad boys will form gangs and take a chance. These semi-amateurs are not part of an underworld system; and because they have no protection except their own dull wits their careers are usually short. But it seems unlikely that we shall see many more sensational big-time workers like Burke, Bailey, the Barrows, Floyd, Dillinger, the Barkers, or Alvin Karpis. These big shots cannot flourish without aids and abettors; and aiding and abetting a hot bank robber is becoming positively dangerous. The soil on which they grow has suddenly begun to go barren.

THE END

HUMOR, HILARITY, HOKUM

Miss Lombard Scores in a Blithe New Comedy Romance; Our Gang Puts On a Laughable Show, and Miss Robson Discovers Some Gamin Hearts of Gold

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 14 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray in a scene from the comedy romance Hands Across the Table.

★ ★ ★ ½ HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE

THE PLAYERS: Carole Lombard, Fred MacMurray, Ralph Bellamy, Astrid Allwyn, Marie Prevost, Ruth Donnelly, Joseph Tozer, William Demarest, Edward Gargan. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. Story by Viña Delmar.

HANDS ACROSS THE TABLE tells what happens when a manicurist and a penniless aristocrat, both seeking riches above love, fall for each other. And it tells the somewhat less than novel plot with such smart humor, so many sharp character touches, and with such abundant verve that the film becomes superb entertainment.

Though it is built upon the cliché that happiness is found in true love rather than in lavish wealth, Hands Across the Table suffers from no lack of freshness in its treatment or playing. The orchidaceous Carole Lombard and Fred MacMurray are a great deal more than capable as the fortune hunters. And the story skips through its charming paces so blithely that this little comedy romance is quite likely the best thing of its fairy-tale sort to be seen this season.

The picture's climax is predictable from the opening reel. But this doesn't keep Hands Across the Table from spilling over with laughs. Nor does it prevent the story from becoming both tender and touching as the aristocratic loafer and the mercenary manicurist discover, to their undisguised chagrin, that they were meant for each other.

Director Mitchell Leisen has kept the story alive with splendid bits, and the adapters have made distinctive characters out of even the smallest parts. Much of Hands Across the Table is unashamedly romantic. But it is romance intelligently and humorously treated. And the very humor is of the natural sort that lends the serious moments all the more poignancy.

Miss Lombard has not given a better performance, I believe, since the fireworks of her role in Twentieth Century. And Fred MacMurray establishes himself more firmly than ever as the brightest of the new leading men. Hands Across the Table is not, however, carried entirely by its stars. It's a highly successful co-operative effort with Ralph Bellamy, Marie Prevost, Ruth Donnelly, and Bill Demarest in able assistance. The whole bubbling affair is a continuous delight.

VITAL STATISTICS: The gag in the barbershop scenes was to lure some unsuspecting idiot who needed a haircut into a barber's and give him one free—from a rank amateur. Also in evidence—the Barber College yell: "Slash 'em on the eyebrow, Cut 'em on the jaw, Leave their faces Raw, raw, raw!" But everybody had plenty of fun working with the irrepressible Lombard and the animal-spirited MacMurray. . . . There are three stages in Barber College: kindergarten, where you can have a haircut with one ear removed for eleven cents or a shave with both ears removed for seven cents; high school, where the haircut goes to twelve cents, the shave to eight, and the cutting up is sliced in half; and college itself, with haircuts at seventeen cents, shaves at twelve cents, no loss of blood but lots of chatter. . . . In the café scenes they ate up ten large hams, sixty filet mignons, three dozen melons, crates of peaches, cases of grape juice, dozens of tins of caviar, cases of champagne cider, etc. Eating, however, is considered dull audience stuff in pix and is kept cut down. . . . Whitey the Cat has a contract, is temperamental, stops work when he thinks he's had enough, is routed out of hidden spots with fire hose and bits of fish. . . . Happy-go-lucky, natural-straining ex-Jane Peters, Carole Lombard, is being touted as Hollywood's best dressed dame. Lacquers her dachshund's toenails—and the sissy likes it! Loves blue and just got herself a 150-star sapphire, price fabulous but unknown. Has had 200,000 photos made of herself, no two the same. Is an amateur pilot. Hates glamour. Thinks that coldness she occasionally shows on screen is a dirty trick of the camera. Started in Westerns, quit them because they didn't show her up as a vigorous type—just a simpering phony. Went over to Mack Sennett. Was rescued from the custard by Bill Powell and taught her acting *ps* and *qs* by John Barrymore, whose star still influences her. Is crazy about giving parties. Has a home with a white-walled, black-floored, sapphire-draped dining room, self decorated. Lives alone except for Fieldsie, her sektry; and goes places with Bob Riskin, writer. . . . Fred MacMurray's coming right along; has lent his heart to Lillian La Monte, actress; is quite the wisecracker; has put his saxophone, with which he carved his career beginning, into the attic moth balls. Well, that's one less saxist to get, fellows!

★ ★ ½ OUR GANG FOLLIES OF 1936

THE PLAYERS: Spanky McFarland, Darla Hood, Alfalfa Switzer, Scotty Becket, Buckwheat Thomas, Porky Lee, and others. Directed by Gus Meins.

HAL ROACH began these kid comedies in 1922. Still going strong, their latest effort and first musical is called Our Gang Follies of 1936 and it's a half-hour of solid amusement.

Decidedly worth catching if it comes your way, this little item has cherubic Spanky McFarland as an impre-

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As a boy on the ranch, he learned to ride bareback. Then came the first saddle, and he learned the feel of good leather.

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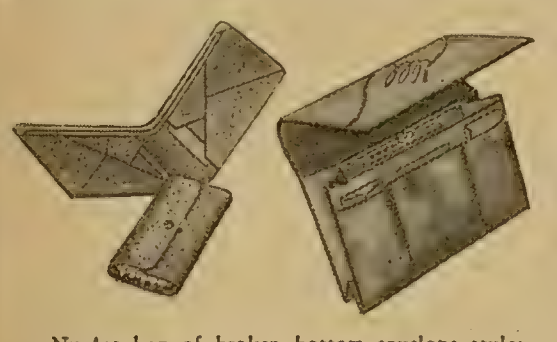

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WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

sario who puts on a tiny penny show in a great big way. Master McFarland has unearthed, we hasten to report, a brand-new star.

The discovery is one Alfalfa Switzer, a bucolic lad of engaging homeliness and the most side-splitting frozen-faced manner of delivering his songs. Mr. Switzer is the star of Spanky's review. Other members of the show are four-year-old Darla Hood, who is starting out quite early at being a heartbreaker, and Scotty Becket, Buckwheat Thomas, and Porky Lee.

The show that these kids put on, under the guidance of Gus Meins, is a laughable and talentful affair, full of those giggly bits common to all amateur attempts. The Gang has retained, or has had whacked into them, a disarming naturalness that will win even the most hard-boiled. The Our Gang Follies of 1936 can readily be listed as one of their typically good offerings. It has a simple appeal all its own and it is, of course, thoroughly wholesome. You'll like it, anyway.

VITAL STATISTICS: There've been four complete Gangs since Hal Roach conceived the idea, selecting his actors from children of studio employees. Of original Gangsters Mary Kornman is now Mrs. Leo Tovar, wife of a cameraman; Mickey Daniels is still in pictures; Sunshine Sammy's hoofing in New York; Farina, who thrived on a toad-and-white-mouse diet, is in radio; while Joe Cobb, the fat boy, has been found absolutely unreplaceable. There've been thirty-five Gangsters; average age used to be six; it's now eight. It takes three to four years to turn over a Gang. Farina ganged it for a record nine years, Joe Cobb eight. Baby Patsy's the youngest Gangster yet, being but eighteen months; Jay R. Smith, now a Culver City messenger, was the oldest, leaving at the ripe old age of fifteen. Gangsters are selected first for intelligence, second for looks and health, third for thespianic ability. Some have amassed comfortable fortunes, being able to retire at the advanced age of six. . . . George Robert Phillips McFarland made good at eighteen months on a Texas baker's ad as the typical American baby, and was then known as Sonny. After starring in a bun-ballyhoo film, he exodused to Hollywood, the grease paint in his blood. Became Spanky, owner of Mike and Ike, two goldfish, a Boston bull named Ginger, and a fat star contract. . . . Debutting leading lady Darla Hood's the newest threat to Shirley Temple. Of Leedey, Texas, she can Indian-dance, sing, and help her daddy cashier at his bank if necessary. . . . Eugene (Porky) Lee's from Fort Worth, Texas, stranger. He resembles Spanky McFarland; never's been ill; weighs 39½ and can push a lawn mower; collects toy autos, fellers. . . . Carl (Alfalfa) Switzer's a dyed-in-the-wool Ozarkian; can whine into an empty jug with the best (or worst) of the hillbillies; and has a grin that fits perfectly into those freckles and shows two empty tooth holes in front. . . . William (Buckwheat) Thomas's dad's a colored janitor in a Hollywood ap't house. Used to cry and be shy of direction, but Hollywood's hardened him. Likes to dissect toy autos. . . . Scotty Becket's wistful and handsome and may be a Freddie March some day. He's much in demand at other studios. . . . Pete the dog's been himself since 1927, but where's my old favorite, Stymie Beard?

★ ★ ½ THREE KIDS AND A QUEEN

THE PLAYERS: May Robson, Henry Armetta, Charlotte Henry, Frankie Darro, William Burrud, Herman Bing, Lillian Harmer, William Benedict, John Miljan, Lawrence Grant. Directed by Edward Ludwig. Screen play by Barry Trivers and Samuel Ornitz.

THE child players in Universal's Three Kids and a Queen are not so nice as the babies in Our Gang Follies. These young toughies speak the New York sidewalk vernacular as if they knew it and meant it. But that they are really worth-while youngsters is proved when they take an old woman, hurt in an accident, to their humble abode to care for her.

The strident shouting May Robson plays the eccentric old lady who's worth a fortune which she lavishes on her dog. This peculiarity of her financial behavior has convinced her attorneys that Miss Robson is crazy and that her fortune should be taken away from her. Though she gives no decisive evidence to the contrary, the picture asks you to believe that Miss Robson is not nuts; just odd, that's all.

Crazy or not, Miss Robson, as you can easily imagine, becomes quite a burden to Henry Armetta and the children who shelter her. The papers announce that she has been kidnaped, and with a city-wide hunt raging about the house, Miss Robson still refuses to leave her new-found friends. About this time some real kidnapers attempt to snatch the aged eccentric. What with the lawyers trying to prove her insane, kidnapers chasing her, and the urchins trying to save her, Three Kids and a Queen races to a vigorous climax.

Thickly coated with hokum, the film hammers home its broad points with gusto and enthusiasm. There are effective comedy performances by Herman Bing and Henry Armetta and acceptable work from the rest of the cast.

VITAL STATISTICS: Since it's verboten to show a kiddy kidnaped, Universal's crossed up Elder Hays by making it an old-maid snatch. . . . May (Aussie) Robson, chief contender to the crown of Marie Dressler as Grand Old Lady of the Kliegs, passed seventy the other day, garrulous as ever but full of vim and vitamins. Has never lost her bubbling ambition since she debutted fifty-two years ago in Brooklyn. Stood the blazing heat of the summer studio lights magnificently, doing her needlepoint between shots or chatting with Lillian Harmer, whom she refers to as Me and My Shadow. May believes you've got to do good as well as be good; has never smoked or bobbed her hair; 7's her lucky number (as whose isn't it?); is a greatgrammer; has never missed a theater season; played twenty-two years on B'way without an interim, was starred in Frohman plays for thirty-two; owns an aviary with 100 birds; late husband, Dr. A. H. Brown, was thirty-three years a New York police surgeon; answers to Muzzy or Iron Woman if you know her well. Has been stage slattern, Shakespearean heroine, Weber & Fieldsian stoogess. Gave up looking for number of roles in scrapbooks when she came to 500. . . . Lambs Club ex-barber and pants presser Henry Armetta stowed away into this country when fourteen. Almost returned from Boston to Palermo, Mussoliniland, but for kindly countryman who made him a soaper-upper and chief latherer in a Boston barberteria. Raymond Hitchcock recognized his unctuous comic gift. Henry's a Fourth-of-July boy. To make sure he wouldn't sicken of the spaghetti he had to eat in this role, he cooked his own. After three days of eating it in long, medium, and close shot, he sickened of it. . . . When John Miljan was handy man at the Lead, South Dakota, opry house, he billposted, electricitied, janited, callboyed, bobbered, tailed, ushed, and countermanned at a near-by hotdoggery. . . . Bill Benedict was an office boy, plumber, printer's devil, delivery boy, swamper on a truck, and ass't janitor a year ago. Bill likes movie acting better. . . . Billy Burrud's a new youngie. Likes angel cake, popeye-pap, but not summer squash.

★ REMEMBER LAST NIGHT

THE PLAYERS: Edward Arnold, Constance Cummings, Sally Eilers, Robert Young, Robert Armstrong, Reginald Denny, Monroe Owsley, George Meeker, Ed Brophy, Jack LaRue, Louise Henry, Gustav von Seyffertitz, Gregory Ratoff, Arthur Treacher. Directed by James Whale. Story by Adam Hobhouse.

TAKEN from the novel Hangover Murders, Remember Last Night has, itself, much of the nauseous quality of a hangover.

The story, in a willy-nilly way, tells of a group of rich young play-people who spend a riotous evening and awake in the morning to find that one of their moronic group has been murdered.

There are suspects galore, and if you care at all the film should keep you guessing.

While the next day is spent drinking and chasing clues, four more (actually!) are murdered. This inspires the still alive members to weak but persistent wisecracking and occasional hysterics.

The Long Island playthings behave in a flaming-youth manner that began to grow old-fashioned about ten years ago.

And the story carries on in the great movie tradition that Long Island and penthouses are primarily for drunkenness and killings.

James Whale's direction forces bad acting out of all the capable players and succeeds only in accenting the ludicrous phoniness of the whole garbled affair.

Intended, perhaps, as a burlesque of The Thin Man, Remember Last Night is no more than tinseled trash.

VITAL STATISTICS: Six months ago Edward (Diamond Jim) Arnold was a picture nobody. Today he gets letters advising him to brush his teeth vertically (when he's filmed brushing them laterally); has three cars; is building a new home; wants his son William Edward, eighteen, to go into pictures; screws a gold plate bearing name of last role to his chair at home. Arnold believes in destiny ever since a fortune teller, consulted back in 1928, saw it all in the crystal ball. He's been twice married and has custody of three children by first wife. Enjoys life. His stand-in, Bill Hoover, is said to look more like Arnold than Arnold himself. Shakes hands with all visiting firemen, takes congrats for Arnold's work in Diamond Jim, signs all Arnoldian autographs. . . . Constance Cummings is Mrs. Benn W. Levy in private life; thinks, with all regard to Benn, mystery stories harder to write than such things as Benn's The Devil Passes; reads five shockers a month; appears in roles sparingly to avoid public becoming sated with her. . . . Sally Eilers is enjoying her husband Harry Joe Brown and their Jr., and thinks that, while it requires juggling, a working wife can keep two balls—career and marriage—in the air at once. . . . Robert Young checked up and found, of twenty-five men and twenty-five women prominently in pictures eight years ago, eleven men and seven women are still dragging down bread and beans, while for every Jack Holt and Garbo fifty fall by the way. So Bob's being cagey these days, riding inexpensive cars, etc., so's to pile up the old-age insurance. . . . Changing title from Hangover Murders to this probably bummest switch since they bought Havelock Ellis's Dance of Life just to title Burlesque. . . . Arthur (I-Say-Old-Boy) Treacher entered British war forces and didn't stop till he was discharged a captain on January 19, 1919. Blown about quite a bit, he was neither killed nor wounded. . . . Bob Armstrong's still unmarried. . . . Gregory Ratoff's married to Eugénie Leontovitch, Russ actress. . . . Director (unmarried) James Whale's leading Hollywood horrorist and was a German war prisoner. . . . Reg Denny was once a pro boxer; entered silents when his musicomedy voice failed him in the Orient; has two children. . . . Rafaela Ottiano worries when she's not working and when working worries twice as hard that she's not doing good work. They built $200,000 worth of fast-set background for this one, the depression being over.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin? The Informer.

★★★—She Couldn't Take It, The Last Days of Pompeii, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp, China Seas, Ginger, No More Ladies, Public Hero Number 1, Hooray for Love, Break of Hearts, The Call of the Wild, Oil for the Lamps of China, Goin' to Town, G-Men.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person, the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—He married a colonel's daughter, originated the selective-draft plan, and raised a large brood of eagles. He was eight when this photo was taken. Who is he?

2—Which radio stars use these expressions: "Play, John!" "Mighty gaspipe organ," "Coo!"?

3—What is the first act of a toad after shedding its skin?

4—How hot is it within an "ordinary" star?

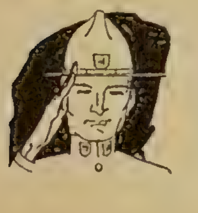
5—Which king of France was nicknamed the Man Milliner?

6—Where was the first mansion built for a President of the United States?

7—Which cut of beef contains the greatest fuel value?

8—Who was known as the Tiger-skin Girl?

9—How did the military custom of saluting originate, according to most authorities?



10—Which head of the Bureau of Investigation (Department of Justice) was criticized because a private detective agency operated under his name?

11—Is anything wrong with this sentence: "I'm off to the post office to buy a post card"?

12—What are members of the Croix de Feu?

13—Do carrier pigeons fly at night?

14—Did a President of the United States ever pay income tax on his salary as Chief Executive?

15—If male roaches are called cockroaches, should female roaches be called henroaches?

16—What common lack do Iceland, Ireland, and Hawaii share?

17—Which shipboard, lawn, and parlor game traces its history back to the original Olympic games?

18—In which state of the Union are all children recorded as legitimate?

19—Who is richer: a New Yorker with seven billion dollars, or a Londoner who has one billion pounds sterling?

20—The football teams of which colleges are characterized as follows: the Violets, the Irish, the Praying Colonels?

(*Answers will be found on page 37*).

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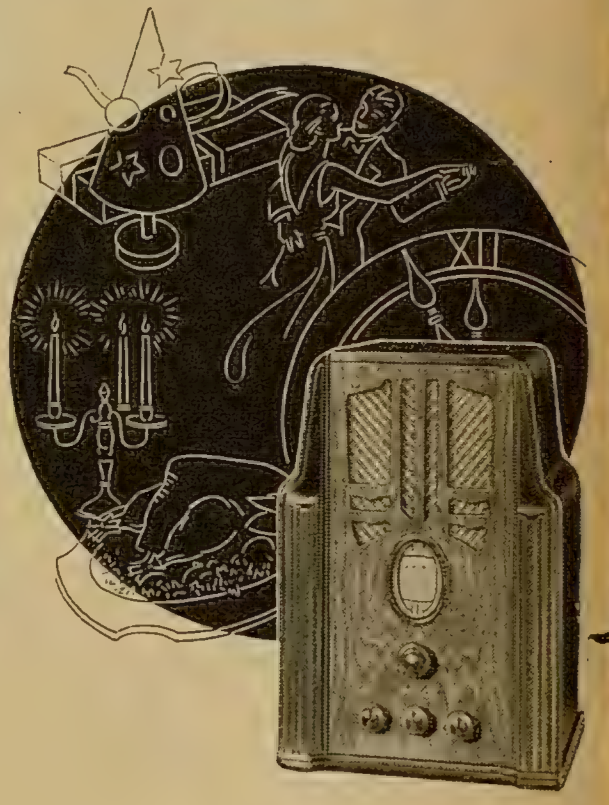

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The Joyous Story of Margot and Her Merry Men—a New, Lusty Tale of History's Most Enchanting Rogue

MASTER VILLON Tells the Truth

by

JOHN ERSKINE

ILLUSTRATION BY GERALD LEAKE

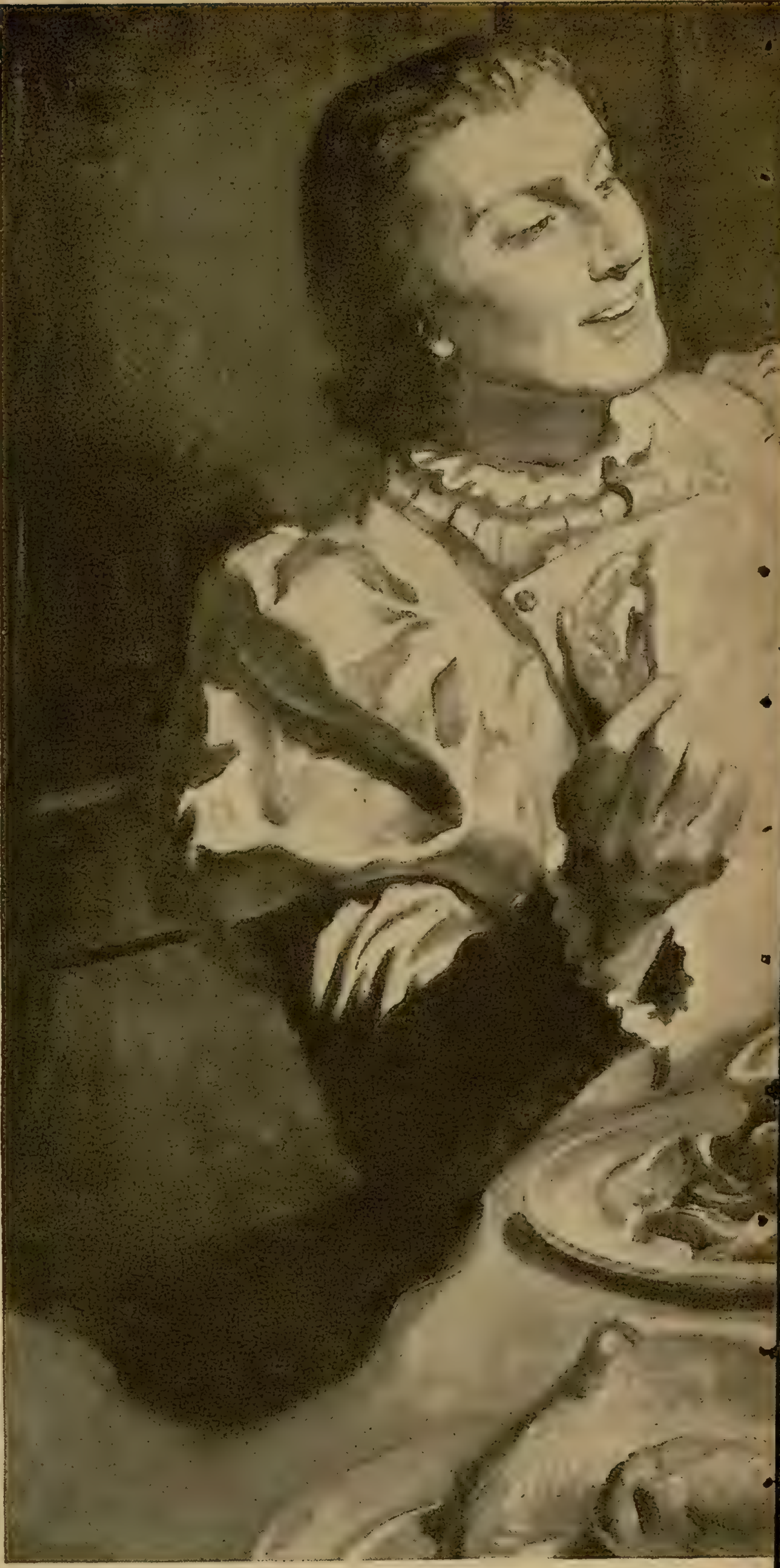
READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

MASTER FRANCOIS VILLON, poet and fugitive from the law, decided to attend divine service. Vespers, at the church of St. Benoit, where his father in God read the prayers. Not religion but hunger and logic urged him thither. He hadn't a sou in his pocket. For two days not a crumb had come between his teeth. For three months he hadn't seen the venerable priest, his godfather, now his only hope of rescue. It would be wise to appear first as a penitent, on his knees. The old man would blow off the worst of his indignation while intoning the evening psalm, and afterward Master Villon would confess enough wrongdoing to satisfy even a saint, and he would get scolded, but he also would get some soup.

When he reached the church door the serious folk of the quarter were drifting in, chiefly women with shawls over their heads; but there was one man sitting on the curb with his feet in the gutter, his elbows on his knees, and his chin in his hands. Not badly dressed—breeches a little tight but sound, a snug jerkin, a trim cap. No beggar. More like a student from the university. He appeared to be thinking. A queer place to think!

So queer that Master Villon decided to investigate. With his finger almost dipping in the holy water, he postponed his devotions, stepped out of the door again, and squatted on the muddy stone beside the mysterious philosopher.

"A sweet evening, for autumn," said he.



"I am a poet," said he, "a

"*Hein?*" said the man absently, lifting his chin.

"I spoke of the weather."

"Oh," said the man, dropping it again.

"Do I by chance disturb you?"

"I would be alone!"

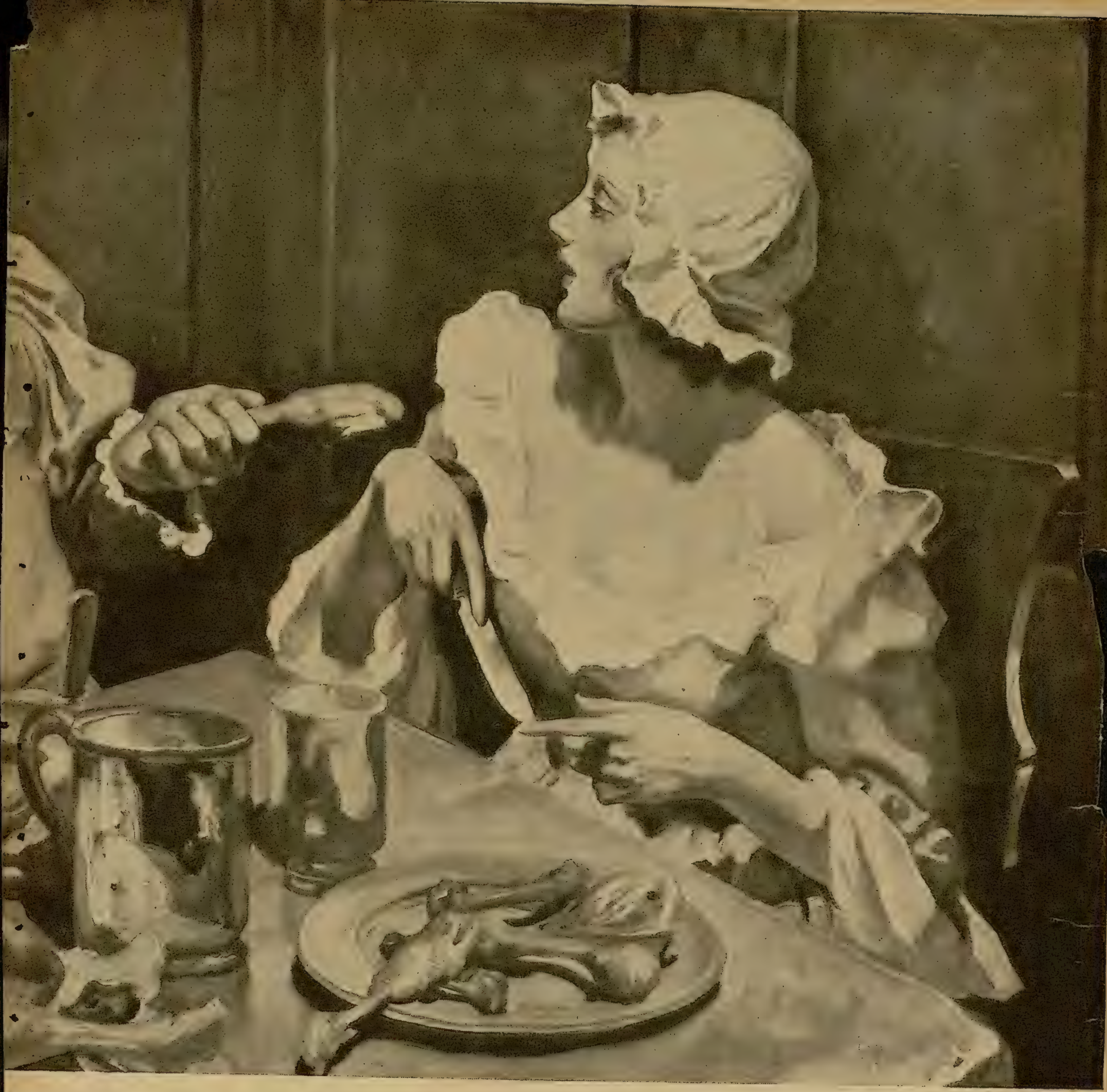
"It can't be done," said Master Villon cheerfully, "not even in the middle of the street. There are always God and the neighbors."

The man moved his hands up and covered his eyes.

"Is it murder or love?" asked Master Villon.

The man turned toward him an agonized but not unhandsome face. "Why do you torture me?"

"That question," said Master Villon, crossing one knee over the other so the end of his spine wouldn't rest so hard on the pavement—"that question would be personal if we knew each other better. You aren't a student in divinity, are you?"



know how beauty should be called. You look like Margot. You are destined to be loved."

"How did you know?" The man had a startled look.

"I too," said Master Villon, "once hesitated at the very threshold of the Church."

"Not a priest?"

Master Villon scratched the back of his head. "When I am hungry I tell the truth. Astonished though you may be, I'm not in holy orders. I did indeed have a thought that way, but the devil nudged me, and I went where I belong."

The man was interested. "Was it a woman?"

Master Villon smiled. "What's her name?"

The man shrank within himself. "I don't know who you are."

"If you did," said Master Villon, "you'd move on, or if you weren't a Christian you'd call the police. I'm a criminal in a small way."

"What have you done?" said the man, frightened.

"I've written poetry, I've robbed a church, I've stolen two fat purses and one thin horse, and I've escaped hanging by no more than the skin of an onion."

"I don't believe you," said the man, much relieved. "Besides, you weren't entangled with a woman."

"There's something in that," said Master Villon, wagging his head. "Love is the worst, especially if your trade is theology. But then, you're young. It's not too late."

"For what?"

"For what you've got your mind on! Take her! There's always a chance the Church can stagger along without your aid."

"Your talk is wicked," said the man, obviously encouraged.

"Let me tell you one thing, Joseph—" said Master Villon, fishing in the dark.

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"Michel," corrected the man, swallowing the hook. "Michel Mouton."

"Of course, Michel. Well, I was saying it's better to give up sainthood early, if you're not likely to win it in the end. I've been over the same road, you see! Stand up now and dust off your breeches, then go in there, throw yourself on mercy and find peace, or hurry down the street and find your girl. Don't stop midway in the gutter."

"Which would you advise?" said Michel.

"In my own case," said Master François, "I went down the street; but I don't yet know what your gifts are, nor the precise shape of the choice before you."

"She's beautiful," said Michel, understanding only one thing, no matter what the words. "Very beautiful. A little stout. I fear that she's not faithful."

"We can't have everything," said Master Villon. "Is she jealous of your interest in the Church, or does she know about it?"

"I see her only at intervals," said Michel Mouton, sticking to his subject, "and what she does meanwhile I can only guess."

"That's where the wind sits, is it? What keeps you from her—your conscience?"

"It's mortal sin," said Michel.

"No doubt!"

"For weeks I haven't knelt once at my prayers with an easy mind," said Michel, "and though I need the help of heaven at this moment, I couldn't put my foot across yonder doorstep—it would be sacrilege!"

"I suppose," said Master Villon, "she's too beautiful to give up?"

"She is."

"And wealthy besides?"

"Her father keeps an inn."

"Then she and I may have met."

"I doubt it," said Michel hastily.

"I thought I knew all the inns," said Master Villon.

"YOU wouldn't know the Two Angels."

"Near St. Germain?"

"Much farther down," said Michel, very red at his own lie.

"Dupres," said Master Villon, "is the innkeeper's name. And he has a daughter?"

"We may not be thinking of the same house," said Michel.

"And then again," said Master Villon, "we may. What does he call her?"

"He has a vicious temper," said Michel, shifting desperately. "If he caught me coming down the stairs some night, he'd slit my throat."

Master Villon looked him over with well feigned admiration. "You go right through the inn and up the stairs to where she sleeps?"

"I do not!"

"I believe you," said Master Villon, letting the admiration fade out of him. "I recognize an old, old comedy—a staircase on the outside of the house, leading from the court perhaps—put there by the rascal of an innkeeper who pretends to be careful of his daughter."

"Margot is not that kind!"

"In my mind's eye," said Master Villon, noting the name, "I see a timid lover stealing up the ladder only at intervals, because he isn't sure he'll ever come down. Friend Michel, it isn't conscience keeps you away; it's fear. She can't be so beautiful!"

"Ah, but she is!"

"She's a bit stout, I recall," said Master Villon. "I suspect she's fat. I dare venture she wears her gown well off her shoulders, to delight her father's guests."

"She's a modest girl," said Michel, getting on his feet with what dignity was left after the cramp in his joints. "Her gowns are cut high."

"Then," said Master Villon, "there's something amiss with the shoulders."

"MIND your manners!" said Michel. "Her shoulders are perfection! She's white all over except for the birthmark at the top of her left arm, and that's no blemish because it sets off all the rest."

In the pause Master Villon heard his godfather busy with the evening psalm. He laughed. "Get in there now, before the service is finished, and say a prayer for courage—courage to give her up or to win her!"

"Would it be right," said Michel, "to pray for that?"

"I advise it," said Master Villon, "only as a last resort. Your condition is desperate."

So Michel went in, to see what he could do for his burdened soul, and Master Villon, after brief reflection, walked briskly over the cobbles toward the Two Angels.

The table was already set in the best room of the inn and the candles lighted. Wily Jean Dupres spread his net betimes for foot travelers caught by darkness a mile from the island city. Master Villon pulled the door open without knocking, and stared about him.

At the noise of a visitor, Dupres came out from the kitchen with an apron around his middle, a heavy man, thick-necked, short-haired, sharp-eyed.

"What's your errand, master?"

A challenging voice. Master Villon shouted back at him: "Food!"

"Food of course," said the innkeeper, surprised. "Seat yourself here at the end of the table."

"I will not," said Master Villon, as loud as before. "Lay a cloth on that board there in the alcove!"

With these firm words he flung himself on the bench in the corner he had appropriated, and put up his feet and closed his eyes. The innkeeper retired to the kitchen, and in a moment the cook glanced out stealthily at the strange arrival, and saw a thin youth with whimsical mouth and long nose and eyes tight shut. The cook thought they were shut. In another moment a girl stuck her head in. Master Villon lifted down his feet and sat up.

"Good evening, Margot!" said he.

She walked toward him with her hands on her hips. The hands, he noticed, were small. She was stout, as Michel had said, but she was brilliant. Her eyes, gray or green, were wickedly beautiful. Her hair was black. Her gown was discreet, yet you knew all about her. Master Villon recognized his equal and was glad he had come. He need have no mercy; she would ask no quarter. Michel never should have meddled with this grade of danger.

"You may bring me my dinner, Margot!"

"And who gave you leave to use my name? And why should I take the order?"

It sounded angry, but she was leaning across the back of a chair, looking at him, and her rich lips had a promise in them already. A tempestuous hussy, he judged, headlong to love or murder you, or both.

"I know you through and through, my dear," said he; "your name is the least of it."

"Will you take pork or chicken?" said the innkeeper, emerging so fast he might have been eavesdropping. "White wine or red?"

"Margot will choose," said Master Villon. "And take care she puts no poison in the sauce. Though she loves me at sight, I fear she is changeable."

The innkeeper went back to the kitchen with a forced laugh, the professional salute to the wit of a guest, but Margot stayed there, looking at him.

"What brought you here?"

"You!"

"Bless your brazen heart! You never heard of me!"

"Never before this afternoon."

"Who told— What did you hear?"

They both saw the mistake she had made, showing her eagerness.

"Not that I care," she said, moving off.

He helped her. "A man tried to say how beautiful you are, but, as I now perceive, he hadn't syllables enough. Fetch me the meat and wine, and sit beside me while I eat. We've a thing or two to tell each other!"

AT this cordial moment the innkeeper again stuck out his abrupt head. "Have you fixed on the wine yet? I'd rather not go twice to the cellar."

"Red," said Master Villon.

They heard the Dupres feet on the stairs.

"Margot, I warn you, I'm your fate!"

"Then you're slow getting here!" said she. "Handsomer men were before you."

"I admire," said he, "your freedom from false delicacy. Handsomer men, but none of my quality."

"Are you from the provinces?"

"Woman! Paris is my first love, my breath of life, my cradle, my mother!"

"Then it must have been an off day with your mother. You've a country air."

"Here we are, sir, as rare a bottle as you'll find within the walls! Look at the mold on it!"

"Is that Bordeaux, by any chance?" said Master Villon.

"And vintage!" said the innkeeper, out of breath but proud.

"Take it away," said Master Villon. "I prefer Burgundy."

Dupres looked daggers at him, but clumped downstairs again.

"Margot," said Master Villon, "I could match your wit better if you brought me meat."

SHE shared the meal at his request and with her father's consent, all so easily arranged that it couldn't have been the first time.

"Who told you my name?"

"I am a poet," said he, "and I know how beauty should be called. You look like Margot. You are destined to be loved. Even had you not told me, I should have perceived that you've been practicing your destiny. You are also fated to be fat, unless your father uses less lard in his cooking. I'll speak to him about it for your sake. I'm glad I arrived while your original lovely shape is still traceable."

She threw down her knife and sprang up, angry. "Get out of here, you and your pigface! Who are you? What do you mean?"

"Those two questions," said he, "are quite distinct, and must be answered separately. Sit down—I said, sit down!"

She sank back in the chair, fascinated by the sudden glitter in his small black eyes.

"When I climb those outer stairs to your room," he said, "I'll tell you who I am. I'll whisper it when I have you in my arms, not before."

"Then," she said, slightly pale, "I must die in ignorance. There are no outer stairs."

"I'd like you better," said he, "without that fib."

"I don't like you at all!" said she, still whiter, and a threat in her voice.

"Nor I you, for that matter," said he. "You draw me against my will."

"I'll call my father!"

"All in good time," said he. "I wish first to warn you against the weakness in your character. To appeal to a man of my temper you should be bolder."

He caught her off her guard. "Me bolder!"

"More self-confidence. Trust your beauty as a whole. The mark on the top of your arm is nothing to hide."

For a moment she was paralyzed. Then she leaned over in a sudden lunge with the eating knife in her hand. He felt the point on one of his ribs, but made no motion to defend himself. The knife fell to the floor. She stood there bewildered, breathing hard.

"It's war, is it, my beauty?" said he. "As you will. You're the kind of woman I always hate, having been born to a fair share of wisdom. You're also the kind I go hunting for

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at the first unsavory rumor, since I'm a lost soul. Will you ask your father to fetch the bill?"

She stared.

"I give you one more chance. Call him!"

She was silent.

"Dupres!"

At the shout the innkeeper, with the bill ready in his hand, stuck his head half through the doorway, glanced from the guest to his daughter, saw the look on her face, and came slowly forward.

"Well—well—what is it?"

"Don't ask me!" said Master Villon. "In your house nothing should need to be explained. Enough merely to admire!"

"He told me to call for his bill," said the girl; "but he can do his own calling. He has a loose tongue."

The innkeeper laid the bill on the table.

"Jean Dupres," said Master Villon, "be warned by me! Never burn your fingers stirring another man's love affair!"

"What's he talking about?" asked the innkeeper of the room in general.

"A friend of mine," said Master Villon, "has an incurable desire for your daughter, and if he can't have her he won't consent to live. You know the state they get in. I stepped around to say a word for him."

The innkeeper knitted his brow.

"Does he claim she gave him encouragement at any time?"

"He claims nothing—he's merely grateful for what he got. He'd like much more."

The innkeeper moved toward his daughter with his fingernails spread as though to scratch her eyes out, and she moved away.

"I told you to leave him alone—I told you, didn't I? What would your mother say, could she look down from heaven and see you kissing the barber! The barber, of all creatures—with his head rubbings, his chin scrapings—"

"I've had nothing to do with him!" said Margot, backing faster and faster toward the kitchen door. "He's kissed you as often as he's kissed me!"

"Kissed *me*, has he?" shouted the innkeeper, making a frantic reach for her.

While they settled the argument in the pantry, Master Villon left without sound, carrying off the bill from force of habit. If he carried off the napkin too, it was to stanch the blood from the cut in his side. As he walked through the early evening he forgot the stinging pain considering the possible scope of Margot's social life, wondering whether the barber had really found his way up the stairs, calculating the chance of locating the stairs on a first visit without a candle.

IT was three minutes past midnight when Margot heard the tap of fingers on her bedroom door, and with forgivable curiosity got up to see who it was, and then she didn't see after all, because you couldn't have the candle unless you struck a flint, and the flint took time, especially if your fingers trembled, and he was terribly quick slipping in and bolting the door. She thought best to get under the blanket again, and in the silence she could feel the bed sag when he found himself a seat on the edge. She cleared her throat.

"Who is it?"

"I promised to tell you that in this room," said he. "But I don't know that I care now for your embraces. My errand is to impart information!"

She sat up in bed, partly because she forgot herself, and partly because he couldn't see her anyway. "You're a thief! You didn't pay for your food."

"Now, that's the difference," said he, "between a great lady and an innkeeper's daughter. You might have complained that I spoke roughly to you, as indeed I did, the roughest I ever spoke to a woman, but instead, after that beef with too much lard, you stuck me with a knife, and you expected me to pay for the service!"

"I'm sorry about the knife."

"You mean you wish you had pushed it farther in?"

"Does it hurt?"

"I shall live," said Master Villon. "I must wear a bandage on it for a few days, under my shirt. I'm using your father's napkin."

"You stole a napkin?"

He leaned over her in the dark. "Listen to this! I've had the rope on my neck twice, and got off only by luck. I've killed one man, but that was an accident. However, I may really commit murder some day. I'm such a thief, skipping the hotel bill is almost a virtue with me! I never intended to pay your father. I hadn't a sou then and I haven't now. I wouldn't lift a finger to aid a lover of yours, he being damned beyond help. I wanted a meal, and, once I saw you, I wanted to find the way up your scandalous staircase. I was harsh with you because that's the only talk you understand. You're the most dangerous female I've yet encountered, but I'm worse than you are, and I'll prove it in the sight of God or man!"

"DARLING!" she said, with her hands feeling for him. "You're wonderful!"

"You don't know the worst," said he, moving away to tantalize her. "My name is François Villon."

She gasped. "Not the one who—who—"

"I don't know what you have in mind," said he, "but I'm the one who did it."

"Then," said she, "the police may come here—"

"At any moment. They're on my trail."

She was thoughtful. "We haven't much time. Why don't you do something?"

"No special hurry," he said. "Death is always around the corner."

She was coy. "You haven't even touched me!"

"That was my intention," said he. "You know who I am, and though you haven't mentioned it, you know there's a price on my head. Far more than would pay your father's bill. I was curious to see what an innkeeper's daughter would do at this point—herself in bed, a dangerous outlaw in her room, and a fortune in her hand if she lets out just one scream."

"You certainly are brave," she said.

"To put a better edge on the question," said he, "the dangerous outlaw promises not to hurt her even if she does scream. You can prove you're wickeder than I, merely by selling me out!"

After all, there never was a man like François Villon for making love. To a difficult case he invariably brought the unique and perfect formula. She clung to him so, he began to feel sorry for her, and the pleasure of the evening was in peril.

After a while they had time to talk, and he permitted himself an outright compliment. "You are like one of the ancient goddesses—Mother Earth, or the sea, or the sap of trees in spring, or the fire in a tiger's liver when he seeks his mate."

"To think that I've met François Villon!" said she with a great sigh.

"I thought it would appeal to you," said he.

"My man!" she whispered. "My adorable! Do you really love me?"

"I do not," said he. "Love isn't the word. The right word has not been invented."

"You haven't your like on earth," said she, giving him another hug. "Hadn't you better go now?"

"Why?"

"The police."

"Let them find me here!"

"I'd rather they didn't! Live for me! For all the other nights—"

She persuaded him, of course, and in a brief space he was picking his way down the middle of the street, taking care not to rouse the watch. At the corner of the Rue St. Jacques he bumped into a man as wary as himself but in more haste.

"Pardon," said he.

"My fault," said the other.

It was Michel Mouton.

"What came of your praying?" said Master Villon, who never denied his curiosity, no matter what the hour or the place.

"I shall give myself," said Michel, "to love. I'm on my way to her now."

"You're a little late," said Master Villon.

"In church I couldn't decide," said Michel, "but on my bed all these hours, awake—"

"Heaven go with you!" said Master Villon, with melancholy in his tone.

"I shall owe my happiness," said Michel, "to our meeting. Your firm way of grasping life taught me a lesson."

"You think that you've learned it, eh?"

"I know I have!"

"Then two heavens go with you!" said Master Villon, starting on.

"A moment!" said Michel. "Would you permit me to repay something of my debt? This afternoon you said—forgive me for recalling—you said you were hungry. Will you take this, as a favor to me?"

It was a fat purse.

Master Villon felt himself blushing in the night, which was an unnatural experience. "I come from dinner! I have no need—I couldn't possibly! Thanks just the same!"

When he reached his garret he was oppressed with a delicate sadness, but the night was too far gone to begin another study of the imperfections of the world.

THE END

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 31

1—General Hugh S. Johnson.

2—Jack Benny, Stoopnagle and Budd, Beatrice Lillie.

3—The skin is swallowed.

4—Two billion degrees Fahrenheit, according to Dr. T. E. Sterne, Harvard Observatory astronomer.

5—Henry III, because of his effeminate love of dress.

6—At the corner of Pearl and Dover streets, New York City; there George Washington once made his official residence.

7—The edible portion of the rump, which averages 1,325 calories a pound.

8—Evelyn Nesbit.

9—It is said to date back to the Borgias, when inferiors, coming into the presence of their superiors, raised their hands to show no dagger was concealed.

10—William J. Burns; his assistant was J. Edgar Hoover.

11—Yes; United States post offices sell *postal* cards; post cards are the unstamped variety sold by stores.

12—Fascists of France.

13—Yes; the Signal Corps of the United States army has trained 100 pigeons for night flying. They are said to navigate "by ear."

14—Yes; Presidents Harding and Coolidge both paid income taxes. The amounts paid were subsequently refunded.

15—No; male or female, they are cockroaches—called roaches for short.

16—None has native snakes.

17—Quoits, a development of discus throwing, which formed part of the pentathlon in the ancient Olympics.

18—Arizona.

19—The Londoner. A billion in the United States is a thousand millions; in England, a million millions.

20—New York University, Notre Dame, Centre College.

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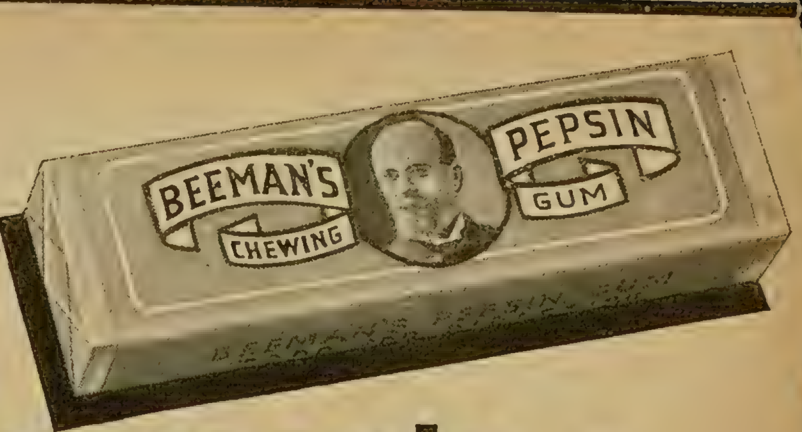

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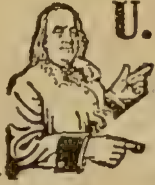

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TO THE *Ladies!*

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

FRANCIS HACKETT

YOU can't investigate the merry lives of old-time monarchs without learning a lot about women. Francis Hackett, popular historian, picks up many a feminine secret while exploring the records of famous kings. He has discovered that it was Diane de Poitiers who blazed our modern health-to-beauty trail some four hundred years ago. Diane was the first lady of fashion to take a cold bath every morning for beauty's sake. She was twenty years older than her royal boy friend, King Henry II of France, yet she hooked him—and she kept him hooked.

Mr. Hackett tells me the lax morals of medieval ladies may be attributed to the way they quenched their thirst.

"In those days," he said, "women of society drank a quart of wine for breakfast, more wine for dinner, still more wine at supper. By bedtime they often were loose because they were tight."

Francis Hackett was born in Ireland and after many years spent in this country has his home there now. At present he is lecturing in America. His best-known books are Henry the Eighth and Francis the First.

"We can thank King Francis," Mr. Hackett said to me, "for starting our civilized custom of seating women and men next to each other at dinner parties. Before his time all the women sat together and all the men together. But old King Francis was too much of a ladies' man to put up with that."

●A girl I know has married herself into an awful fix. She married a rich young man with two dangerous pastimes. He is an amateur racer of automobiles and an incorrigible chaser of women. When he isn't racing, he's chasing.

His poor wife cannot decide which makes her the most unhappy. Every time he races she knows he may be killed, but when he doesn't race she suspects him of philandering.

One day I heard her catch him at the phone. "You can't keep that date tomorrow," she interrupted. "Don't you remember? You've got a race on." Then she began to cry.

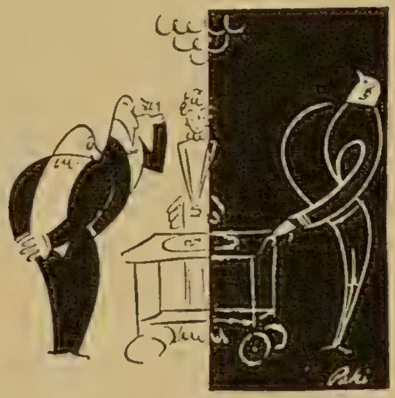
It would be comic if she didn't love him terribly.

●From seeing Luise Rainer on the screen I feel obliged to express my gratitude publicly for one thing this Austrian actress, newest of Hollywood acquisitions, has done for us. She has revived the appeal of the maidenly young woman. I don't mean the tomboisterous young female who capers like a colt. I mean the girl whose virginal awkwardness veils the wisdom of budding womanhood. I mean the lovely timid years of half-found emotion, when we wait so eagerly to emerge, full grown, at the first crisis. Young women are at their best during that time. Lately they have inclined toward a neglect of it. Luise Rainer may bring it back.

●City children have worried their parents at times by flopping down flat on the floor and staying there, too listless to move. Are they sick, or what? Nobody could tell. Now the child-health experts are beginning to blame city noise for this. Noise, they claim, tires children out. It frazzles their tender nerve systems, exhausts them, even upsets their little stummicks.

The research people say that childish racket made by the kids themselves doesn't do them any harm.

They say that it's the constant clang and slam-bang of the town that enfeebles children's immature nerves.



●A reader writes:

"As a hostess I frequently am embarrassed when none of my guests will take the last sandwich or the last cocktail canapé on the plate. I feel sure that several of them may want it and might take it if it were not the last. This makes me think I probably did not serve enough to begin with. Yet no matter how many sandwiches or canapés I prepare, if they really are good there always is *just one* left. And nobody dares eat it. What should I do?"

Tell your guests about the English superstition. In England it is said that the taker of the last sandwich will marry a rich husband or a rich wife, as the case may be; or will inherit $225,000, if already married.

I can also suggest that you eat the last one yourself.

●I like the new Lowell Thomas book, Fan Mail (published by Dodge), and Harold E. Stearns's memoirs, The Street I Know (published by Lee Furman), and the Morley Callaghan novel, They Shall Inherit the Earth (Random House), and the Stanley Hopkins novel, The Sixth of June (Harper & Brothers).

●Epicures bake fresh salmon in parchment-paper bags. Cut your salmon in slices half an inch thick. Provide one slice for each portion. Remove bone, trim corners, cut each slice in two. On one half spread a sauce made with a little grated onion, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, pepper, and a dash of nutmeg. Lay the other half on top, forming a sandwich. Wrap in buttered parchment paper, twist the ends together, bake from 20 to 25 minutes in moderate oven. Serve very hot. Serve *in* the paper. This is one of the really grand ways to cook salmon.

IN MESOPOTAMIA THEY WERE MARCHING MADMEN!

AND NEXT WEEK IN LIBERTY ONE OF THEM UNVEILS THE CRIMSON SAGA OF THEIR TREK!

THE truth isn't in the history books!

"When generals write books they write what it's safe for Mr. and Mrs. John Q. Public to know. They tell some of the things they saw—the nicer things; and leave out the things they did not see—particularly the nasty things. 'Why bring them up?' they argue. 'War is glorious. War is our profession! We'd better send the proofs to the War Office to make sure we haven't written anything indiscreet or contrary to public policy.'

"I never thought I could bring myself to tell the truth about this war. For a long time I fought the thought of it. But the years have dimmed the lurid haunting pictures. The war babies of my generation now are ripe wheat. My boys are coming of fodder age—I can't do much about it, but I'll tell what I can. I'll tell what I saw. I'll tell as much as the editor of Liberty will print. I'll tell more than was ever told before. It's time the truth was known."

With this interest-provoking statement begins, in next week's Liberty, one of the most impelling first-hand revelations of campaigning in the desert that you have ever had opportunity to read and thrill to. Mad marches over trackless shifting wastes in dead of night. And the blistering noonday heat. Native women. Orgies in the trading towns. Hand-to-hand bayonet work. Surprise raids. Defeats and triumphs. And ever the desert death stalking beside the dwindling ranks. At last you can see that famous Tigris campaign through the observant eyes of a marcher in the ranks of the expedition. Get next week's Liberty early so you won't miss out.

ACCORDING TO THE HISTORIANS

"Historians have written that the Mesopotamian Expeditionary Force steamed into the Persian Gulf, disembarked in boats without losing a man. One wrote, 'A naval and military party landed and occupied Fao fort and town. The Turkish infantry decamped at an early stage and we did not lose a single man.' This author wrote from the records. He makes clear he was not in that original landing."

NOW READ THIS DESCRIPTION LIBERTY PRINTS NEXT WEEK!

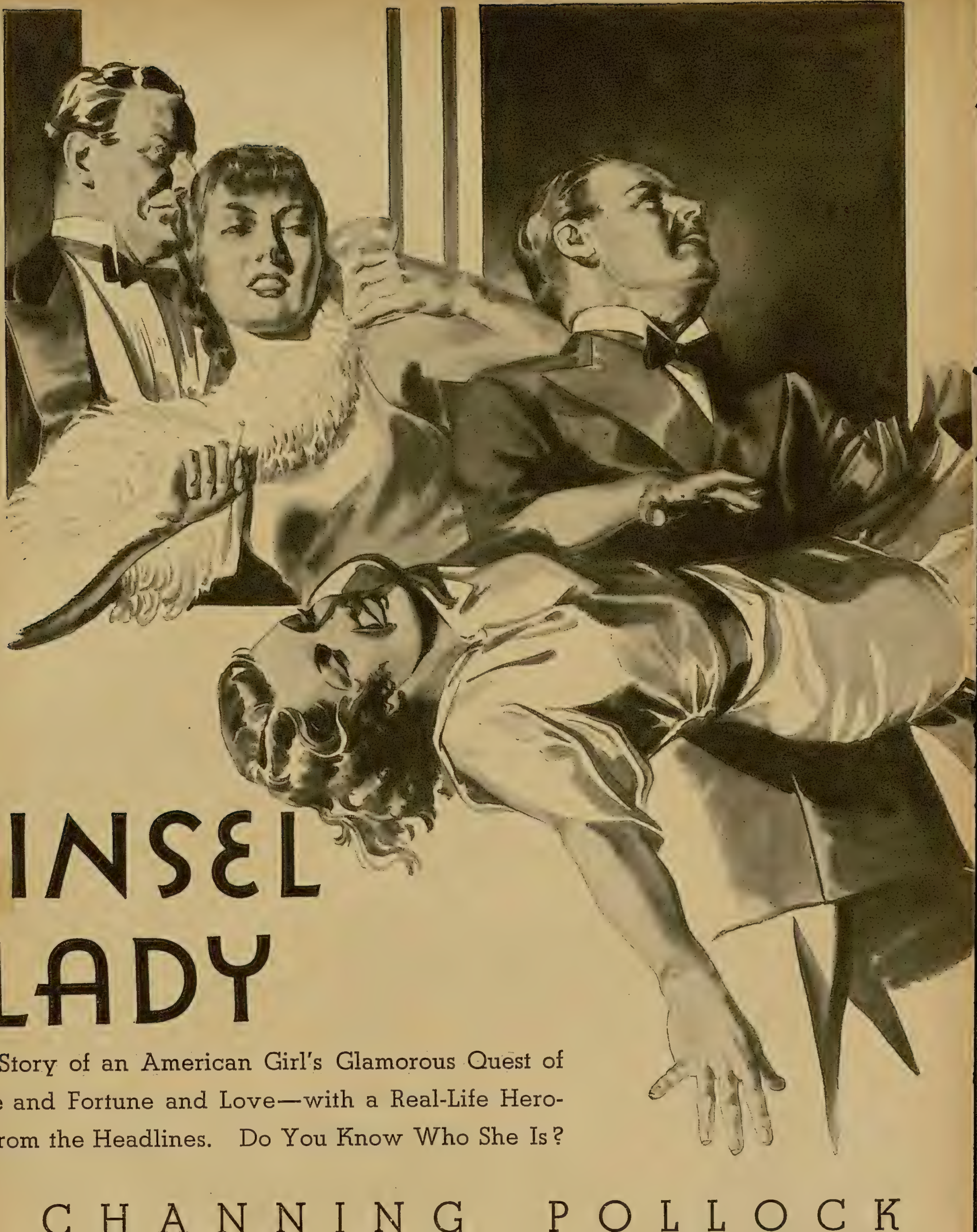
"I was there. Here are my impressions, taken from my diary: November 26, 1914. We landed. God knows why! Terrible mess. Scores of men drowned before my eyes as we scrambled from boats to shore. No sooner on dry land than we met a terrific enfilade of fire. Men dropped all around me, mowed down like rotten sheep by fire of jeering Turks. Ghastly. It was awful—that yelling—screams of pain—rattling of fire. Hundreds dropped in those terrible minutes. It had to come—mine—the one with my name on it. A hot stinging jab in the shoulder. Strange giddiness. Blindness. I fell. . . ."

Which is right? Historian or soldier? Read MARCHING MADMEN, every word of it, and then decide.

Liberty

ON SALE
WEDNESDAY
NOV. 20

BEGIN THIS AMAZING SAGA IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK



TINSEL LADY

The Story of an American Girl's Glamorous Quest of Fame and Fortune and Love—with a Real-Life Heroine from the Headlines. Do You Know Who She Is?

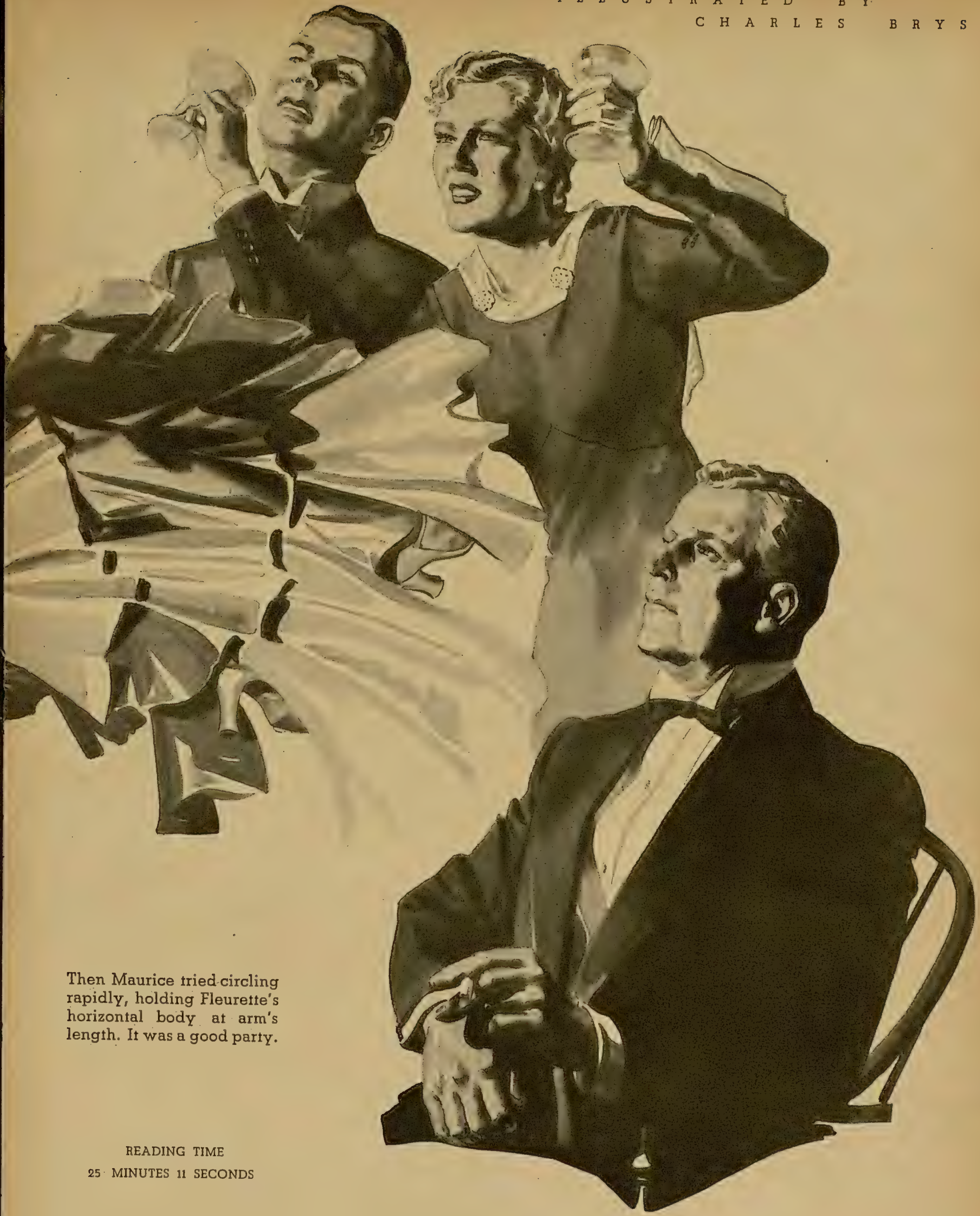
by CHANNING POLLOCK

PART FOUR—THE PORTRAIT

IT was a week later before Ann could bring herself to confide in Roberta.

On the whole the holiday season had been very happy for Ann. The little flat that Price Gordon had furnished and given her for Christmas was warm and cozy and luxurious. "I've always wanted a home," Ann purred to herself, "but if anybody had ever told me that I'd lie in a bed like this and press a button and have a maid bring in my coffee!" Fragrant coffee, too; not the chicory-flavored hot milk, with the cold crescent-shaped roll she had had diurnally in the Rue de Rivoli.

ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES BRYSON



Then Maurice tried circling rapidly, holding Fleurette's horizontal body at arm's length. It was a good party.

READING TIME
25 MINUTES 11 SECONDS

There were drawbacks, of course, though they were latent at first in that new joy and pride of possession. It was not quite possession after all, Ann was to find out; not quite her own home. She was really a guest in a place owned and controlled by the servants. The cook did the marketing and gave her accounts to the butler, who in turn handed them to Gordon. Ann looked into the kitchen once, but was so smilingly, patronizingly made to feel an interloper that she never repeated her visit.

In a way she was afraid of these servants; always wondering "what they must think." Did they know that she wasn't Mrs. Price Gordon? She caught herself watching her little maid furtively; listening for a note of

ROBERTA WHITE

disrespect in the voice of the man who appeared in the library doorway and said, "*Madame, le diner est servi.*" Increasingly, rather than the contrary, she was self-conscious with the concierge and shopfolk, and even with taxi drivers. Gordon wanted to give her a car. "I'd love it," she confessed, "but the people at the theater—what would *they* think?"

"Only what they'd think anyway," Gordon smiled. "In Paris these matters are taken for granted."

That was the second and last time she troubled Gordon. Christmas night she had inquired, "What shall I tell Bobbie?"

"Say we love each other. Say we're more truly married than most husbands and wives. Ask her if she won't come and live with you."

Bobbie'd never do that. She had her own code, Bobbie had; a broad one, that admitted everybody's liberty to do what he or she pleased while adhering herself to standards not fundamentally different from those of the circle of small storekeepers into which she had been born in Illinois. "Other people's morals don't interest me," Bobbie insisted. "I do what I think is right for me, but I haven't the faintest idea what's right for them. Morals are a matter of taste, Ann. I can swallow anything that doesn't stick in my throat."

Her capitulation did stick in Ann's throat. The weakness of the Roberta White code is that the people who do the worst things are least troubled by them. Ann began being uncomfortable amid all her comforts. She was always trying to justify herself. "Say we love each other," Price had bidden her. But she hadn't even that excuse. She didn't love Gordon, and she knew it. She liked him, and admired him, and was grateful to him, and glad to be with him, but love had no part in her yielding.

She had drifted into the flat. She had drifted into it because "these matters" *were* "taken for granted" in her new environment, and because she was tired of "knocking about," and lonely, and because it was Christmas, and late at night, and she hated the thought of leaving this warmth and brightness to go out into the cold and sit alone in a shabby room in the Rue de Rivoli. If Bobbie hadn't been up at that hospital—if Ann hadn't wined and dined quite so enervatingly—if all this hadn't seemed so surely the end of her long, long quest for romance—

And now, on New Year's Day, Ann sat in Roberta's rather bare little room in the American Hospital at Neuilly, and made another effort at self-justification. "I'm not harming anybody," she declared. "Mrs. Gordon won't know, and if she did, Price says she wouldn't care. No one's any worse off for what I've done, Bobbie."

Roberta, who was beginning to walk again, hobbled to her balcony window and looked out into the pale sunshine.

"Why don't you say something, Bobbie?"

"It's none of my business."

"Which means that you don't approve."

"I don't disapprove, Ann. It's between you and your conscience and—and—well, never mind."

"And who else, Bobbie?"

"The man you'll marry some day."

"Isn't that idea a little antique?"

"Sure it is," Roberta flashed. "So's hunger and thirst, and birth and death. None of these rock-bottom things seem to change much. We get away from 'em, and come back, but they stay pretty much as is, Ann. The rock-bottom things. Decent women didn't smoke cigarettes ten years ago. They do now. But about women they marry I suppose Charlie Binns doesn't feel very differently from the guy in the tin can you're always talking about."

"King Arthur?"

Roberta hobbled back to her chair.

"I'm not going to marry Charlie Binns," Ann said. "He's—great—but he doesn't fit in, Bobbie. I've told you that a dozen times. I just don't belong in the grocery business."

"Where do you belong, Ann?"

"In something—well, you know."

"In something glamorous? That's what you told me in Philadelphia. Well, if you can find glamour in a dressing room with a washbasin that hasn't been scrubbed since the theater was built and papa spending our salary on a bunch of streetwalkers in the lobby, and being—"

She stopped short. After all, it *was* none of her business.

"I suppose every girl has her price, Ann. No; I didn't mean that as a pun. Only, you said you weren't 'that kind.' I didn't know then what 'that kind' was, and I don't know now, but somehow I'm a little surprised."

"You wouldn't be if I'd married Price—and we're exactly the same as married. I'm first with him, and he's first with me. There isn't going to be any one else for either of us. And we're not ashamed, Bobbie"—a wee bit defiantly. "We're not ashamed of this—either of us. Price wants you to come and live with me, Bobbie."

"Thanks," Roberta answered, "but I like the old dump on the Rivoli. And I like going and coming when I please, and not being beholden to nobody. I like you too, Ann. Better'n anybody else I ever met. It wouldn't make any difference to me if you committed murder. We're 'as you were,' but I'm as I am, and maybe, in the long run, that'll be just as well for you, kid. Where's Price now? Gone to London? All right, pull that funny bell cord, and let's see if the tea still tastes like running your tongue over a packing case."

Ann should have loved Gordon. She certainly tried hard enough. "There's every reason," she kept telling herself. Unfortunately love isn't a matter of reason—or of duty. There would be fewer divorces if more people realized that. Loving Gordon would have squared Ann with herself; partially, at any rate. He loved her,

CHARLIE BINNS

WHAT HA

LOVELY young Ann Cutler's rise to fame and fortune as the sensation of Paris in the Folies-Bergère began, oddly enough, in a Washington, D. C., boardinghouse where she worked to support her shiftless father. It was here she met Roberta White, a chorine, and through her was able to get her first stage job. It was in the chorus of the Miss Cleopatra Company and came as a timely opportunity for her to postpone her answer to a proposal of marriage from Charlie Binns, a local grocery clerk. Ann put her glorious dreams of a glittering stage career ahead of marriage and soon became deeply interested in her new life.

When the Miss Cleopatra tour ended, Roberta and Ann, now inseparable friends, landed jobs in the Ziegfeld Follies. Here Ann's ability as a singer and song composer was noticed by Dave Allen, the secret power behind the shows. Teamed with Roberta, the specialty act built around Ann's composition, Lonely Rivers, was featured. But New York audiences were only mild in their reception, so when the girls received a bid from the Folies-Bergère they eagerly accepted and with the passionate, possessive, fearful emotion that men past their prime feel for young wives or sweethearts. The Gordon she had known before Christmas was all reserve and quiet friendliness.

This new Gordon was as demonstrative as a pet puppy; as eager, as constantly currying favor, and as lacking in self-control. The fire that revealed itself when they were alone flickered even in public. "Don't, Price—please don't," Ann was forever saying—in his car, in concert halls and picture galleries—everywhere. And then Gordon would slink back—even more like a puppy—with his eyes craving pardon, and his hands quick to repeat the offense once that pardon was given.

Price almost never left Paris now. "I *must* go," he'd say. "I've an urgent cable from London. I'll run over on Sunday." And then it would be "Monday," and then "Wednesday." "Another cable this morning, Ann. Looks as though I'd have to choose between you and my business. I'm afraid we both know what the choice would be. Can't you say you're glad of that, Ann? We'll have to do without each other a full week this time."

He'd be back in Paris the next day.

Another new monster was beginning to rear its head—jealousy. Price Gordon jealous! It seemed incredible. Price Gordon, always so calm hitherto, so detached and amused at Ann's mash notes and the young men who stared at her in restaurants. But now—

Just after Christmas a boy brought a note into Ann's dressing room. She read the name aloud to Gordon, who was waiting to take her home. "Sebastian Dufresne. Do you know him?"

Gordon shook his head.

"Say that madame has just left the theater," he instructed the boy—in French, of course.

An instant later *le régisseur*—the director himself—stood in the doorway.

"Whom do you imagine is outside? Dufresne. The great Dufresne! This is his card"—taking it from the boy. "You will see him at once, of course."

"Why of course? Who is the great Dufresne?"

"Oh, a painter fellow," Price said. "One of these moderns." And, to the director, "Madame is just leaving with me. We have an appointment."

"Sebastian Dufresne is perhaps the greatest artist in France," the director insisted. "Certainly you must have seen The Lady in Yellow at the Luxembourg. That he calls himself on any one is a distinguished preferment."

Price smiled, but with even less than the usual concurrence from his eyes. He faced Ann again.

"Do as you please of course, Ann, but don't be long, will you?"

Dufresne proved to be rather a comic little man with an enormous black beard. He ignored everybody else in the room and addressed himself to Ann in a torrent of what to her was quite unintelligible French.

JOE LUCK

"I can't understand a word," Ann appealed to Gordon.

"He wants to paint you."

"*Vous savez c'est un grand honneur!*" exclaimed *le régisseur*. "*Si le maître veut—*"

"I'm afraid madame is too much occupied," Price said, but neither of the other men heard him. Dufresne had turned to the director and was explaining his intentions.

At last the director began his translation. Never—never in his whole life—had Dufresne seen any one as beautiful as Ann. A friend—a Spanish boy whose father had been Dufresne's pupil; this boy, who was an aviator himself—Dufresne had just finished painting his picture, and it was called *Soleils Levants*— Well, be that as it may, this youth had told Dufresne that there was a white-and-copper girl at the Folies-Bergère, but Dufresne had only laughed, until tonight, having finished dinner, he had said to himself, "Why not?" and here he was.

"He wishes to paint you standing before the black velvet curtain," the director continued. "The whole picture will be black except for the glare of the footlights upon your flesh and red hair. That is an idea very grand. The master desires to begin immediately and to work without ceasing in order that the portrait may be finished for the spring Salon."

Ann looked at Gordon.

"My best thanks to Mr. Dufresne," she said, "and may I give him my answer tomorrow?"

"Do you really mind?" Ann asked Gordon when the two Parisians had bowed their way out, leaving the card with an address and telephone number written across its face. "Do you *really* mind, Price? It does seem a great honor."

Gordon smiled again.

"I'm old-fashioned," he said. "I hate your being stared at by any one who has the price of admission."

"I've been stared at a good many months, Price."

"I know, but it's different now. I suppose you wouldn't consider leaving the Folies-Bergère?"

Ann was startled.

"How could I?" She stopped short. She had been about to add, "That's my living," and remembered it wasn't. "That's my profession," she amended the sentence in her own mind. But was it? One's profession was the means by which one earned one's bread. In the light of that definition, what *was* her profession?

"Nonsense!" she told herself. "This—this friendship has nothing to do with my livelihood. But I've got to go on working now—I've got to—*I've got to.*"

"You don't need the money, Ann—"

"Please, Price." She paused again. "I like to feel that I'm working—just as hard as though we'd never met. And then there's Bobbie. How could she get on without me?"

Gordon understood. Ann had told him her horror of those women in the promenade when she had confided her worry over her father's infatuation for one of them.

ONE BEFORE

sailed, accompanied by Joe Luck, a song writer, and J. Benton Cutler, Ann's father, who immediately took it upon himself to act as the troupe's manager.

It was at the close of their opening show in Paris that Ann first heard of Andrew Price Gordon, London's richest merchant.

ANN CUTLER

Although married, his attentiveness and deep admiration for Ann soon resulted in a warm friendship. Gradually she came to rely on his good judgment in her own personal and professional affairs. When her father's absorption with a cocotte became a source of worry for Ann, Price sent him to London as manager of one of his store departments. And when Roberta wrenched her ankle and could not obtain proper medical aid in the gloomy second-rate hotel she shared with Ann, Price canceled all his business plans to take her to the American Hospital. After visiting Roberta on Christmas Day, Price took Ann to a lavishly furnished apartment for dinner. "Is this your flat?" Ann asked. Gordon shook his head. "It's yours—if you want it. May I come and see you sometimes?"

After all, why should he mind? No woman on earth could possibly fall in love with Dufresne—that unaged Santa Claus!

He laid his hand on her arm.

"Do as you like, Ann. I mean that. I've been—well, rather silly."

In the darkness of the limousine Ann kissed him. She never came nearer to loving Gordon than when she felt sorry for him.

Early in January Roberta came out of the hospital, and Gordon proposed a celebration. "Just a little dinner party at home," he suggested. But Ann wouldn't hear of that. It would have been Roberta's initiation into the new order of things, and embarrassing to all three. The obvious alternative was a restaurant, but Bobbie couldn't get around very well, and eventually it was decided to hold the festivities in her apartment. *Le régisseur* was invited, and the girl who had understudied Roberta, and Maurice and Fleurette, and their agent, a stocky middle-aged man who had happened to be in their dressing room.

Gordon had ordered supper from a caterer, and brought all his guests from the theater in his big limousine. They were noisily gay in anticipation, but Ann was shocked at the—well, something very like repugnance with which she entered the hotel. Could this be the place where she had lived so long almost contentedly with Roberta?

Suppose *she* were coming back there too. Ann's spirits drooped at the thought, and still more at the realization of the continuance to which that committed her. Was there nothing for her between squalor and what had been impressed upon her young mind as a life of sin? Momentarily Ann hated herself and show business and, most of all, Price Gordon—the man she *must* love if only to justify herself. "We're the same as married," she repeated to herself. "There's no one else in his life, or in mine. Price would have married me if it had been possible, but it wasn't."

All through the party Ann fought off her moodiness. "What do I want?" she thought. "I'm never satisfied." Roberta was irritating. No one had had more than a glass or two of wine, and now they were sitting about, talking soberly, while Bobbie devoted her whole attention to the theatrical agent. His name was Cocu—or something like that—Ann gathered. She had said, "Delighted to meet you, M. Cocu," and every one had laughed uproariously. "*Cocu* is a man deceived by his wife," Maurice had explained, "and Jean is a widower."

Now Roberta lay stretched out on a sofa, with the widower in a chair beside her. "I built him myself," Ann heard him saying. "Only three rooms at first. My wife helped in the office, and then, when we got home at night, I helped with the cooking."

"Good heavens," Ann thought, "are they going on like that all night?"

"WHEN the baby was born I built another room. We were beginning to do very well then. You must come out and see our little house. The boy, too. He's fifteen, and very bright—like his mother. When she died she said, 'I've had a secret from you, Jean. Thirty-two gold pieces. I saved them, one at a time, to start young Jean to college.'"

There was a pocket atlas on the table. It belonged to Roberta, and Ann had used it to follow their journey to Paris. Suddenly she seized the book and turned to the index. Then, a glass of wine in her other hand, she shouted, "Come on, everybody! We're going to drink our way round the world! Here's to Abyssinia!"

"What's the idea, Ann?"

"We're all sunk, Bobbie. I'm going to float us on corks. We'll drink to Barbados next, and go right through to Zanzibar. Never mind looking at me like that, Price. This is a party."

The atlas made it one, at all events. Ann stopped at China, but by that time Fleurette had shown that she could do cartwheels, using only one hand, and the English girl who had sung Lonely Rivers with Ann while Roberta was at Neuilly had given a comically bad imitation of Mistinguett. *Le régisseur* carried them on to Germany, and then Maurice tried circling rapidly, holding Fleurette's horizontal body at arm's length, and Fleurette's horizontal legs struck a copper samovar the caterer had furnished, and brought it down with a crash. *That* brought up the proprietor of the hotel, and in America would have ended the celebration. Here, however, the proprietor merely assured himself that no one was hurt, and then joined in and drank to Greece and Greenland.

It was a good party; good friends, and, despite a rather noisy end of the evening, reasonably decorous. Gordon, who had a taste for unusual experiences, was amused, and even Ann perked up, and surprised herself by improvising a short song descriptive of the occasion. It was the first time she had done anything like that since homesick Joe Luck had sailed for New York and "a breath of God's own monoxide gas."

The curious gift of translating into words and music everything that moved her seemed to have left Ann. Perhaps because nothing moved her very much any more. There seemed to be nothing fresh in the world. The theater had become dull routine—dressing and undressing, and chanting the same old lyric to the same half acre of blurred faces.

SEEK as she might, there was no thrill in Price Gordon. She had no part in his life; no knowledge of his affairs, which couldn't have made the least difference to her anyway. Even luxuries were meaningless when they, too, became routine; when one sat among them all day, alone and wondering what to do with oneself.

One night at dinner Gordon remarked, "I've been thinking of what you said about Bobbie."

"When?"

"The evening we met Dufresne. You said, 'How could she get on without me?'"

"I remember."

"Well, how could she? And your father? There may come a time when you can't go on working—or will want to put me first in your life. I'd like you to be quite independent, even of me. If I died, or you died—"

He laid his napkin on the table.

"I'm buying you an annuity, Ann, with a lump sum to be paid to your estate in the event of your death."

"For father and Bobbie?"

"For any one you choose to give it to. You may be married by then, and have children."

"You're an old goose, Price."

Ann was bored by the formalities that followed, and never really understood the document Gordon finally put into her hands. Roberta read it and was genuinely touched. "You can get fifty thousand dollars by merely dying," she told Ann. "Of course you'll leave that to your father."

"Price was thinking partly of you."

"That's pretty swell of him."

"He says I've got to make a will now. No hurry about that, I guess. My health's all right."

Ann's spirits were better too. Price *was* rather a darling, and, after all, they belonged to each other and no one else. Whatever any one said, that was true marriage. Roberta came often to the flat now, lunching with Ann or making a third at dinner. She was warmly grateful to Gordon, and he liked her and felt somehow safer when she was with Ann. Roberta was rather annoyingly unimpressed by Ann's grandeur. She had been twice to visit her widower—first with Fleurette, and then alone—and thought the house he had built "awful homey." "His name's Cochin—Jean Baptiste Cochin—and he used to be an acrobat. I like him very much," Roberta added.

Dufresne was filling a good deal of Ann's time too. Frequently Roberta went with her and remained through the interminable sittings. April was imminent, and the artist wanted this picture hung at the spring Salon. He had finished the painting of the aviator—*Soleils Levants*—"Rising Suns to you, Ann," Roberta translated—though neither of the girls had seen it. The canvas stood, covered, in a corner opposite the portrait of Ann, awaiting final touches. "I can think only of *this* now," Dufresne explained. "I must paint every possible moment if we are to be ready for the Salon."

Somehow the new picture, which was to be called Ann, rather worried both girls. The satin rags that Ann wore at the Feast of Belshazzar revealed a good deal more than they hid. At the theater these areas of skin were smeared with dusky grease paint, which left one feeling that there was something between one's nakedness and staring eyes. Dufresne wanted the effect of flesh tints footlighted against a black velvet background. To Ann's carefully concealed horror he had even torn away a rag here and there.

The result, as Roberta said, was "just enough to cover a vaccination mark, and no doctor would think of vaccinating in the places *he's* left covered."

Dufresne's studio was a vast attic, almost as cluttered with furniture and properties as the wings at the Folies-Bergère. He talked endlessly. "A liberal education in French," Roberta said, "if most of it wasn't Spanish." The artist had lived in Toledo and spent part of his youth in Madrid.

It was there he had met and afterward taught the father of the boy who had been his model for Rising Suns. "Both scamps," he laughed; "father and son. The father Madriguera went to America, and married a rich woman, and never did any more work. Tony was born there. When the father and mother were both dead, he had a considerable fortune. It lasted him less than two years. Then he became a chauffeur, and then a driver at motor races, and finally an aviator.

"He served with the Spanish army in Morocco, and was shot down, and got a position with the Paris-London Airways. The first time he came here, I thought, 'I must paint that young man, and call the picture Daring.' Then I had the inspiration to put him in a plane over the Channel, rising to meet the sun. It is a fine work—all speed and lift, with some sharp splashes of light. But I want you to see it first properly framed and properly hung."

Gordon was delighted that Roberta had got into the habit of accompanying Ann. He was afraid of losing her. She was so young, so gay, so lovely, so provoking, and so satisfying. For the past ten years or more Gordon's life had been a dull affair. A big house in London, always filled with people who didn't interest him. He was proud of Mrs. Gordon as he was proud of the big house, but he saw very little of her. Kissing his wife was very like kissing Aunt Matilda. Kissing Ann was quite different.

At fifty, Price Gordon had closed the door on Romance, and then suddenly it had burst in upon him, all scarlet and gold and clinging soft flesh.

APRIL was a busy month for both of them. Gordon made three trips to London, and brought back amusing news of Ann's father. "J. Benton's doing himself very well," Price said. "I ran into him last night at the Savoy—dancing with old Mrs. Saintsbury. Her husband was the younger son of Lord Goulding, and she has a town house and a pretty considerable country estate somewhere. Your father's secretary tells me he has a flat in Park Lane, with two servants."

"I think it's only a service flat," Ann replied. "Ten pounds a week, everything included."

"That's rather good on a salary of eight pounds."

Ann colored. "I still help him a little," she said.

There were daily rehearsals at the Folies-Bergère now. May should bring shiploads of Americans, and business, already picking up again, would be capacity all summer if the show was right. The director had spoken to Roberta about a new song to follow or take the place of Lonely Rivers, but, to save her life, Ann couldn't think of anything. Bobbie tried to buy "a number," but nothing very exciting turned up, and in the end the director told them to go on as they were. After all, Lonely Rivers was being talked about in New York and London, and Ann, with her copper hair and her brown eyes and turned-up nose, had become one of the sights of Paris.

And then a disagreeable thing happened. April brought Ann's birthday—her twentieth birthday—and Gordon wanted to spend part of it alone with her.

JUST before noon that day Gordon telephoned. "Ann, I can't come. I'm as disappointed as you are—perhaps more so—but there's no help for it."

"That's all right. We'll have our celebration at dinner."

Gordon hesitated.

"I'm not sure I can make dinner either. I'll try, but don't wait for me. I may have to take a late train for London. If I do, I'll telephone again, and we'll set your birthday forward a week or two. I *am* sorry, Ann. You know that, don't you?"

Ann did, and she knew, too, that business was business. Gordon had been neglecting things for a long while. It wasn't surprising that one of them couldn't be neglected any longer. She telephoned Roberta, but got no answer, and decided against lunching alone in the flat. "Tell the cook not to bother," she instructed her maid. "I'll have a bite somewhere and go to a cinema."

Waiting for a taxi, she thought of the Rabelais. That was the little restaurant near the Madeleine where she had eaten her first meal with Gordon. This was her birthday, and they'd celebrate it together in memory. "I'm getting sentimental," Ann smiled to herself, as her car turned into a little side street—the Rue Pasquier. "And about Price, too. Well, that's as it should be."

She paid her driver, and, still occupied with her purse, circled with the revolving door and emerged in the restaurant.

A tall man with his back to her was taking a woman's wrap from the *vestiaire*. He turned, to drop the garment over the woman's shoulders, and Ann found herself looking past that woman into the startled eyes of Price Gordon. Instinctively she started to speak.

And then she saw that the woman was Mrs. Gordon, and that Price had no intention of recognizing the girl who stood between him and the door.

Is this the price Ann must pay for her quest of a life of glamour? Has Gordon's love cooled or is he ashamed of her before his wife, the one woman to whom he rightfully belongs? In next week's installment Ann learns just where she stands in the triangle. But with disillusionment comes a new hope, a new love.

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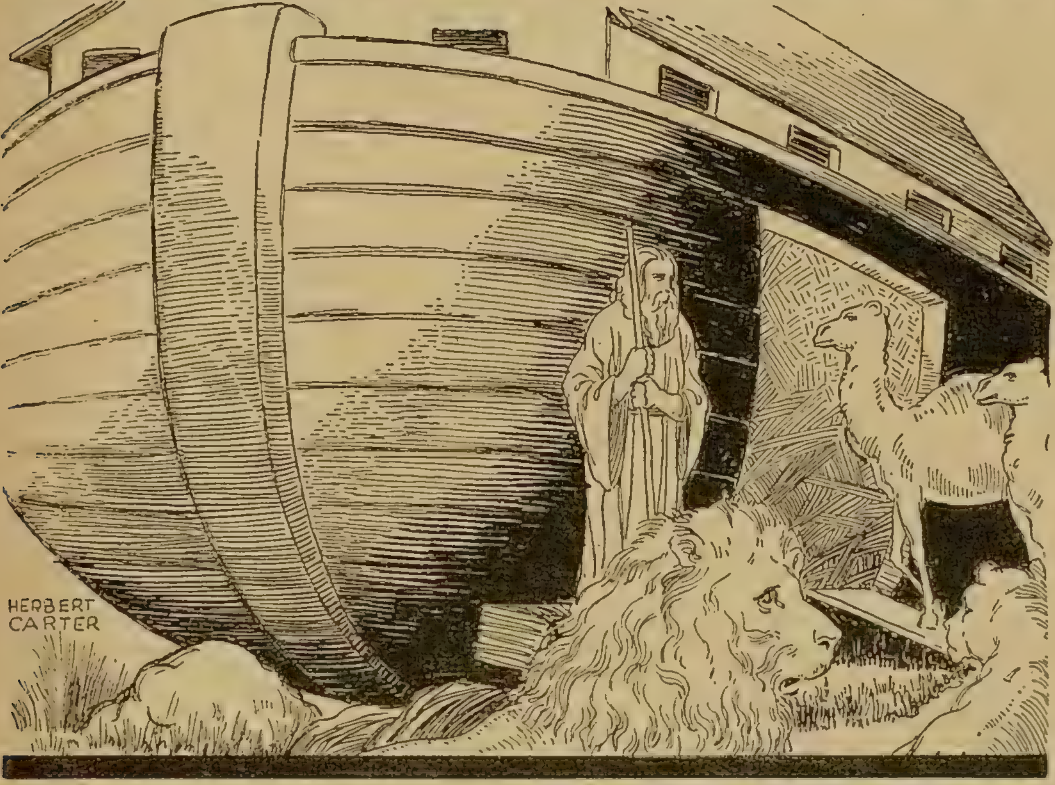

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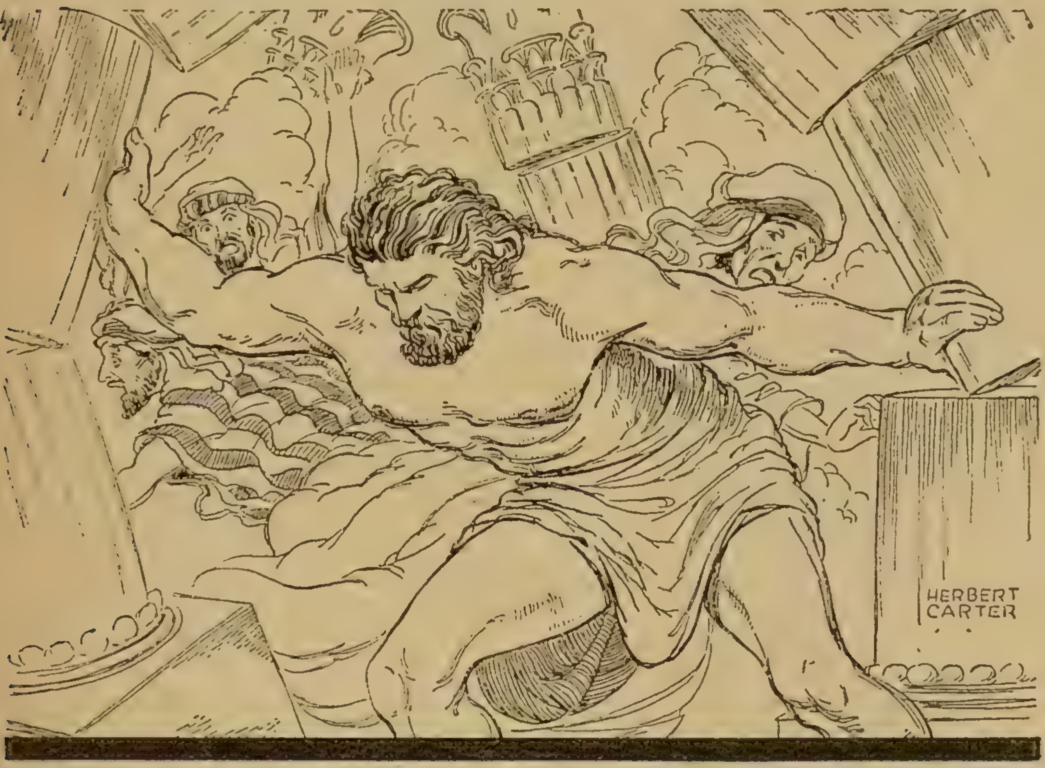

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THE SIMPLE RULES

1. Liberty's Bible Game consists of sixteen pictures. Two will be published each week. Contestants are to choose the most appropriate verses for these pictures *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the King James Bible, or *exclusively* from the contest abridgment of the Douay Bible (not from both), contained in a booklet entitled The Condensed Bible, and give the verse designations in the spaces on the answer blanks provided for this purpose. Verses in complete editions of the King James and Douay Bibles that do not appear in the Condensed Bible will not be considered. Copies of the Condensed Bible have been presented to public libraries throughout the United States, where they can be conveniently consulted. Entrants who want the Condensed Bible for home use can buy a copy through Liberty for 25 cents postpaid. Only United States money orders or currency are acceptable.

2. The prize schedule appears above. The entrant submitting the most appropriate verse-answers for the sixteen pictures accompanied by the best statement of 250 or less words telling "What religion means to me" will receive first prize. Statements will be judged on the basis of clarity and convincingness. The entrants submitting the next most appropriate verse-answers and next best statements will be given the remaining prizes in the order of their excellence. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid. Elaborate entries are not desired.

3. The sixteen pictures and answer blanks, or reasonably traced or drawn facsimiles thereof, with solutions and statements must be submitted by first-class mail at one time, as a unit, with contestants' names and addresses, by Wednesday, January 22, 1936. All entries are to be addressed to Bible Contest, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

4. Entrants may submit as many complete units of pictures, answer blanks, and solutions as they wish, but only one prize will be awarded any one person.

5. Every one is eligible except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

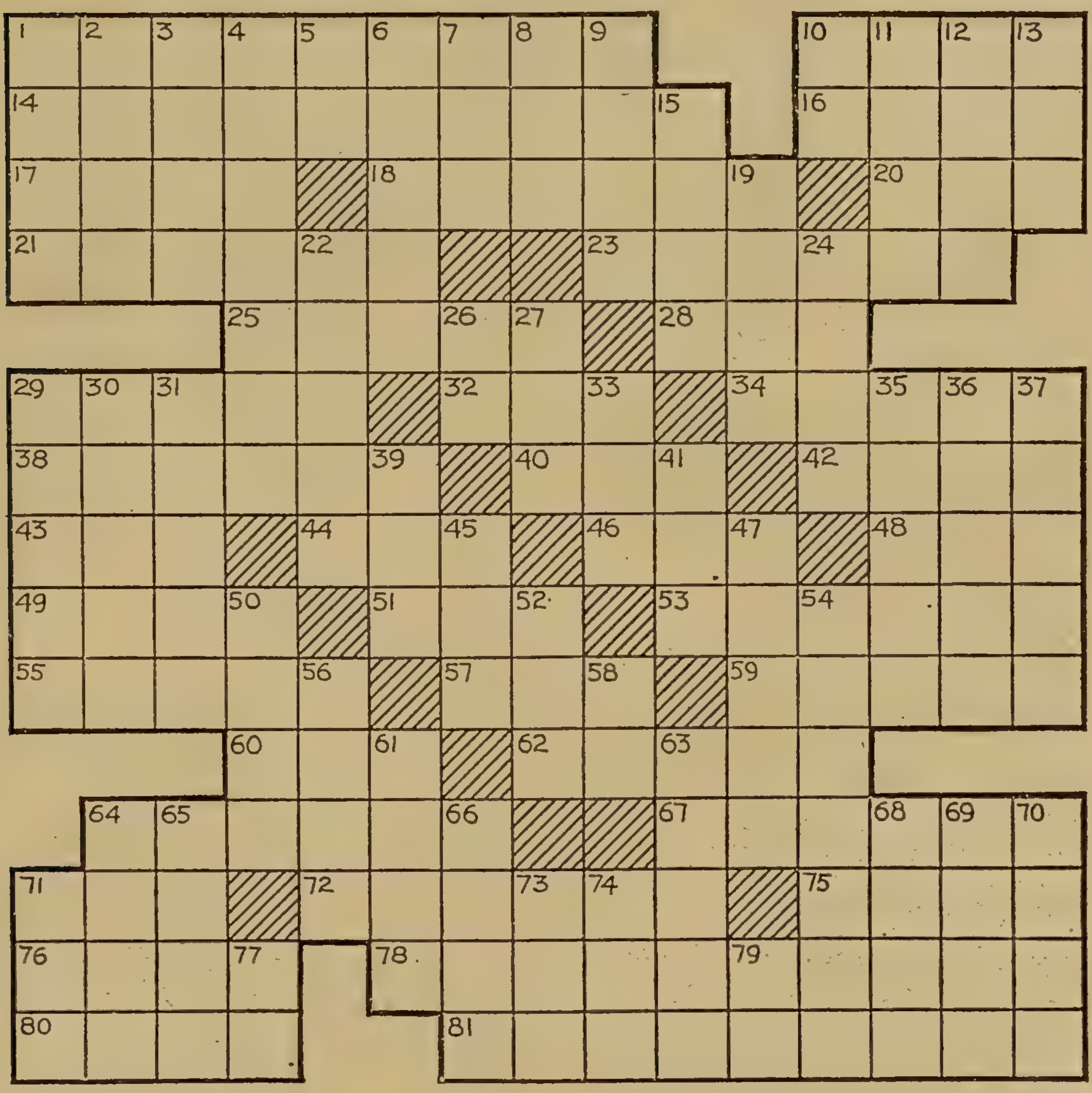
6. The members of Liberty's Contest Board will be the judges. Their decisions will be final and entrants take part with this understanding.

7. The Bible Game is nonsectarian. Hence Liberty will not interpret verses, publicize sectarian views, or engage in correspondence on these subjects or any other phase of the contest.

Puzzle #38 11/23/31

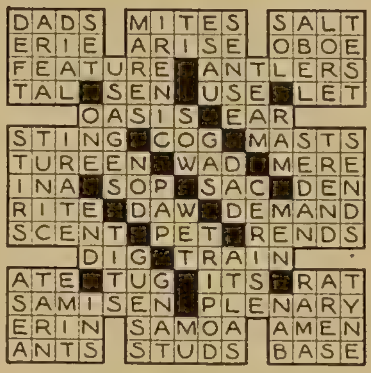
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 A far too promising fellow, alas!
10 What you always do for the best man (that's what you think!)
14 Making contributions to Physical Culture
16 He gives monster performances
17 The bones of Ethiopia
18 Wodehouseman
20 Y'awl evuh heerd of this general, suh?
21 One of God's Frozen People
23 You wouldn't call a female gum architect from Connecticut a this, would you?
25 Kind of trouble doctors enjoy
28 What F. D. R. did in 1932
29 It's a natural!
32 You can get a start in publishing with this
34 Raises the rear end rhythmically from the conveyance
38 The quints can't be this equally
40 This goes well with high balls
42 The call of the roller coaster
43 The feather bed of tomorrow
44 What you see when you're mad
46 The main stein song
48 To bring out the young
49 How the French girl says hello
51 Untrue tresses
53 Booths of tomorrow
55 Home of the bluest dogs in the world
57 Rin-tin-tin started life as this
59 This has always been a washout
60 Speed
62 The reward of the bandwagon riders


DADS MITES SALT
ERIE ARISE OBOE
FEATURE ANTLERS
TAL SEN USE LET
OASIS EAR
STING COG MASTS
TUREEN WAD MERE
INA SOP SAC DEN
RITE DAW DEMAND
SCENT PET RENDS
DIG TRAIN
ATE TUG ITS RAT
SAMISEN PLENARY
ERIN SAMOA AMEN
ANTS STUDS BASE

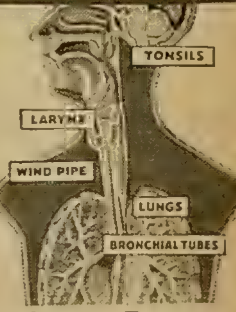
Answer to last week's puzzle

64 Beastly sounds emitting from dad's den
67 The spirit of wine
71 Whinnywurst
72 The oddest son in California
75 Stir things up
76 One of the oldest entries in the world
78 Kind of knowledge that deals with nuts and screwy things
80 The buck they pass in Spain
81 Einstein's peculiarities (you never saw such things!)

VERTICAL

1 Give up!
2 Turning point in a rounder's life
3 To go for a bus ride
4 American Tragedian
5 Eye see
6 A town full of French atmosphere
7 Peer's maw
8 This chokes on you men
9 The greenest thing in Ireland
10 Veteran Oglers (abbr.)
11 A sexy look
12 A big plant
13 The last word in a pig's life (you should get it with ease)
15 This one has teeth in it
19 And this is easy
22 This fellow's always in a hole
24 What wise guys do
26 How high is this anyhow?
27 A sinker in the soup
29 To air the tonsils
30 The bluebird of unhappiness
31 The old unnh!
33 Ferled!
35 Shine, lady
36 Eyewash used freely by women
37 What we try to approach the horse in
39 Rose dunk
41 Sit backward
45 Plain dunk
47 This is old and odd and often cracked
50 So-o-o-o-o!
52 August not so august
54 One of the three million who arrived on the original Mayflower
56 A wide opening for bores
58 Pease
61 The promised land over the bridge
63 A pond that went to town
64 What she gave the football hero for too many forward passes
65 Something you can get out of any member of the bar (plural)
66 Go places with baby
68 A place that's like its name
69 Hale fellow of Hollywood
70 That's that (French)
71 Shifty part of the constitution
73 Der eye uff Hidler
74 Veterans of the Hoover Experiment (abbr.)
77 Unbelieving country (abbr.)
79 The hardest answer to make

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue



COUGH STOPPED quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

DID you know that when you catch cold the thousands of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog? Thick phlegm irritates your throat, *making you cough.*

It is necessary to stimulate those glands to pour out their natural moisture. Pertussin does this. It "unclogs" the glands—loosens phlegm—soothes your cough away.

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions for Pertussin were filled in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn.

• • •

..."Pertussin stopped Jackie's bad cough next day!" writes Mrs. P. Fernandez, Providence, R. I. Get a bottle.

PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

ADVERTISEMENTS MUST BE SEEN!

Trite but true—buried advertisements never yet built sales. Liberty's make-up guarantees visibility for every advertisement. Others have learned the power of small space advertising. Let Liberty's 94% voluntary circulation—at the lowest cost of any major magazine—concentrated in urban markets—make money for you, too!

HOW TO WIN CONTESTS Know prize winning secrets of slogan, picture-naming and letter contests... how to write successful limericks, statements, wise-cracks, etc. Learn the methods used by winners everywhere. Write today for free Bulletin list of new Contests and catalog of contest aids. J. Donahue, 4525 N. Drake Ave. Dept. L-115, Chicago.

APPLE-JACK BRANDY
OLD SPEAS
BRAND
90 PROOF

FRIENDSHIP BEGINS with the first drink

OLD SPEAS
FINE OLD APPLE BRANDY

Love Letters of a Prizefighter and a Hollywood Extra

Ginger Gets Gated and Socko Gets Socked and Life Goes Eventfully On

Words and Picture by

BERT GREEN

READING TIME ● 8 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

Hollywood, Cal.

Socko O'Brien,
Brooklyn Sports and Carnage Club,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Dear Socko:

Well, I might as well get some of the dirt off my chest first, so hear goes:—

It might interest you to know that your cute brother,—the one who came out here to croon on the radio—has been slapped in the cansky. Yes, and from all reports he'll be spending a few years in the cast iron boarding house in Atlanta. Here's what happened:—

The first time he sang over the air the customers thought he was being operated on so they had him fired. Not knowing what to do next, he hooked up with a slicker and started a mail order racket selling "Sure Death to Bugs for 10¢."

Well, everything went along perf until some gentleman from the Postmaster General's office wrote in and asked for a package of Sure Death for Bugs and enclosed a thin *dime*. When the gentleman received the package he found it contained nothing but *two blocks of wood*. The directions read:—

> Catch the bug between the forefinger and thumb
> and lay him on block number ONE. Next, sock
> him with block number TWO!

When the Washington man received the fire wood, he boarded a fast plane and dropped in on Elmer for a little social chat. Two hours later, your brother was making his first flight to the Sunny South chained to the seat.

A nice family you sport, what?

Well, Socko, theres no use me trying to stall you any longer regarding my activities in the movie racket so I'm going to come clean. The truth is, Ive had very little picture work in the past two months and it ceases to be funny. Ive tried to keep the bad news from you and kid you along. I wanted to make you think I was *getting places* and everything was jake, *but*, its the bunk! So now I'm going to spill the works:—

In the first place, Izzy Gold—my dizzy agent—is just a rubber stamp parked in a Grand Rapid's. He doesnt get me anywhere! All he hands me is *promises* and then some. On the level, all Ive done is french heel-it from one studio to the other ruining my triple A's in the hopes of getting a break, but nothing happens. Really, I could yell!

Damn this galloping tintype business anyway! One moment you *think* youre going to skyrocket to fame and knock em for a row of Beverly-Wilshires, and the next, youre darned lucky if you can buy a *beef stew* in the corner drug. Whata life!

Whats worse, you cant believe a word they tell you out here. These flicker agents and megaphone maniacs promise you yachts and a cinema career to get rid of you. Everybody yeses everybody else and thats the way it goes. What lyers! As for the "extras," theyre just as bad. To hear them spread the malarky you'd think they were knocking the customers speechless in the aisles. If the truth was known, theyre pressing their pants with a mattress and using the oatmeal bowl to cut their hair. The yell is, when you meet them on the Boulevard theyre so dolled up you'd think they had six bucks for every bone in a mackrel.

Another thing, if youre a nice girl and say "no" you take it on the lam, but if you say "yes," two footmen open the door of your limousine and toss out your ermine and the pink-a-knees penwiper. So what?

Speaking of jobs, just the other day my goofy agent sent me over to the M.G.R. lot with a build-up that I was going to toss those big stars out on their ears. Imagine?

"Listen, kid," he said "here's your *big* chance. Abe Gazitsky is shooting a super-eppic called Hells Bells. What he needs is a steam heated cutie like *you*. Youve got more curves than a scenic railroad and once he gets a peek at your chassie, we'll get a years contract at 150 slugs the week. Hop to it kid, I got you *set!*"

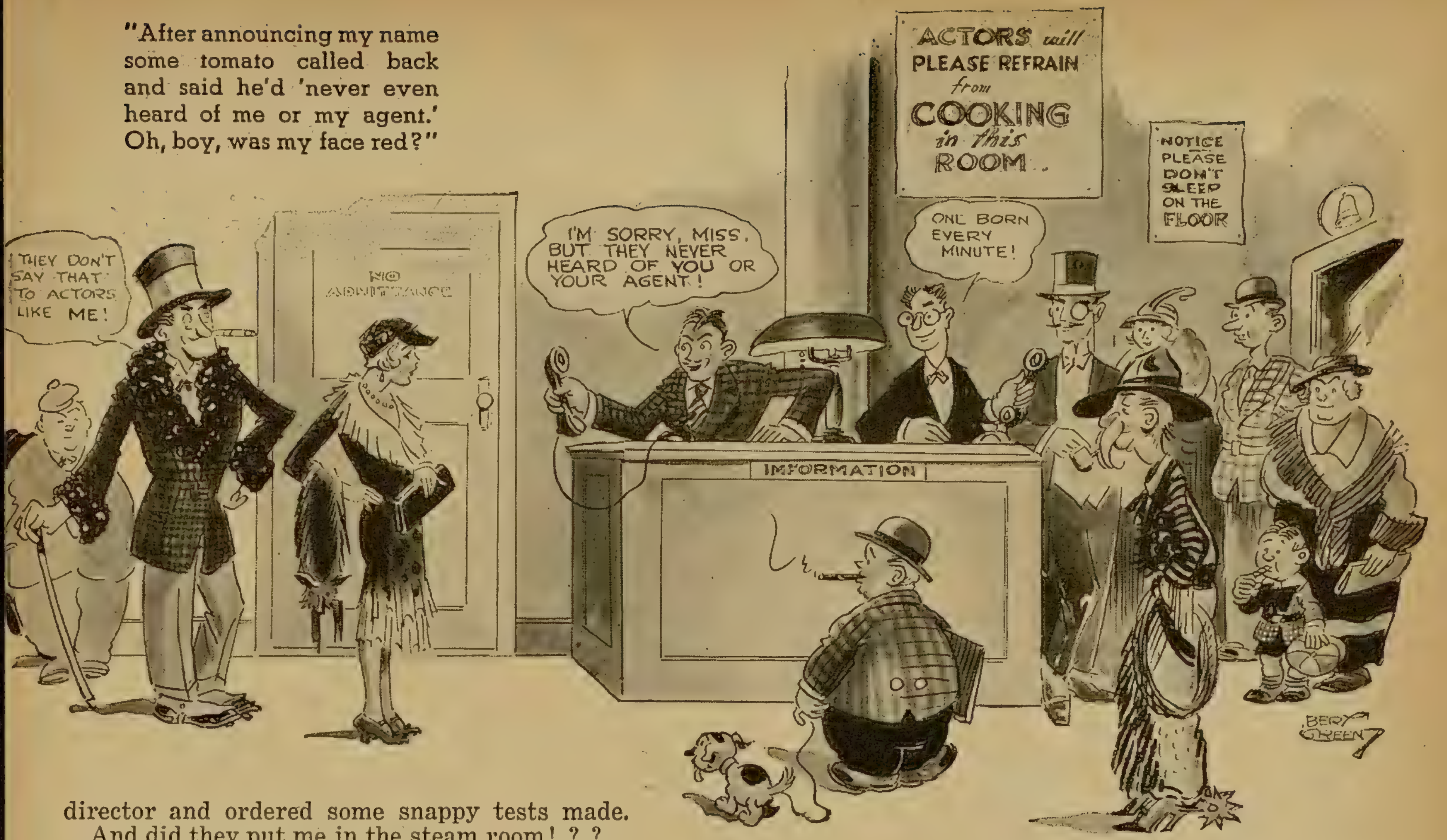
Well, Socko, I was so excited I tipped the taxi pilot four-bits and the way he zoomed over to Culver City would make Sir Malcolm Who-zis think he was dragging his dogs. When I entered the studio you'd think I was Cleopatra, I was that important. After announcing my name some tomato called back and said he'd "*never even heard of me or my agent.*" Oh, boy, was my face red? To make matters worse, the fresh clerk bawled out the message like a train dispatcher—much to the merriment of the grinning hams. On the square, I could have parted his hair with an anvil I was that pleased.

Finally, after blowing in sixty cents on several dud calls, my dopey agent said he'd sent me to the *wrong* studio,—just a little Hollywood custom. The result was, I had to bus it back to town, just a little matter of only twenty odd miles.

When I arrived, I was so late that Mr. Gazitsky kissed his pleasure loving sweetie into the job and I got the ozone—and me with ninteen creditors breaking down my door.

Oh, did I raise ample hell! I told Mr. Gazitsky what I thought of his promises and he almost passed out. He thought I was going to shoot him and ruin his rugs. The pay-off was, he turned me over to an assistant

"After announcing my name some tomato called back and said he'd 'never even heard of me or my agent.' Oh, boy, was my face red?"


THEY DON'T SAY THAT TO ACTORS LIKE ME!
NO ADMITTANCE
I'M SORRY, MISS, BUT THEY NEVER HEARD OF YOU OR YOUR AGENT!
ACTORS will PLEASE REFRAIN from COOKING in this ROOM
ONE BORN EVERY MINUTE!
NOTICE PLEASE DON'T SLEEP ON THE FLOOR
A
INFORMATION
BERT GREEN

director and ordered some snappy tests made.

And did they put me in the steam room! ? ?

This dried up dumbell put me through all the footlight emotions known to Shake-spear. He made me holler for help, cry for tears and recite " A rag, a bone and a hunk o' hair." He told me to strut before the optical doghouse and throw a mean hip,—which I did to his expectation.

In my next imitation I had to read a note from my lover. (the note happened to be a gas bill) I was supposed to register joy, admiration and ecstacy and to bust into a few bars of the Piccalino as a topper for the merriment.

Holy smoke, but when I got down to the bottom of the *bill* where it said: " Unless payment is made on or before November 25th the *gas will be shut off* " I nearly blew up and ruined the works. Next, I had to open and close a window and go through the imaginary motions of struggling with a burglar. This scene was so dramatic I all but busted my pipes screaming.

I ended by falling in a foney faint so the cock-eyed director would get a close-up of my hosiery department and place me on the pay-roll.

This concluded the act and I was ordered to report back in a couple or six years,—if I was lucky. Its my guess that there was *no film* in the little black box.

And thats *how* you get in pictures, Socko!

To add to my troubles, Rex Holmes,—who used to stick to me dearer than a porus-plaster—has evidently given me the air by switching his attentions to a *little spanish twist* who played opposite him in " The Bull Thrower,"—He would!

Which all goes to prove that when you're *up*, youre floating, and when youre *down*, you're lower than a brazzier in the Follies Bergere. Laf that off!

Well, Socko, seeing that I was down to a *buck-eighty* and *no job*, I put the fur benny in soak and bounced out to find a *cheap trap* in which to live. Oh, boy, and the dump I found is a scream. No kidding, its a toss-up between a theatrical boarding house and the Sennett lot. I'll tell you all about it in my *next* letter. All I can say now is, I'm going to take a room with Mr. and Mrs. William Wellington Watson,—who think they're a pair of English aristocrats—but if I have them pegged right, they're just a couple of cockney comics from jolly old London.

Toodle-oo! Your old pal,

GINGER.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

BROOKLYN NY

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
MAN BROUGHT HERE UNCONSCIOUS WITH BROKEN NOSE AND VERY BLACK EYE STOP THINK HIM PRIZEFIGHTER STOP MUMBLES YOUR NAME CONTINUALLY STOP SAYS HE CAN LICK THE MILITIA AND CLEANED UP HURRICANE HOOLIGAN STOP WHO WILL PAY HIS BILL
MISS HAZEL HALL HEAD NURSE COMMUNITY HOSPITAL

WESTERN UNION

MISS HAZEL HALL
COMMUNITY HOSPITAL
BROOKLYN NY
HE LOVES TO PAY HOSPITAL BILL STOP KEEP ME POSTED AS TO HIS CONDITION THANKS GINGER RYAN

POSTAL TELEGRAPH

MISS GINGER RYAN
HIGHLAND AVENUE
HOLLYWOOD CAL
PATIENT DISMISSED TODAY MISS HAZEL HALL

Community Hospital
Brooklyn, New York

Dear Ginger,

I got your letter but I cant write.

Listen, kid, bum luck has been folleying me around. I no sooner get flattened by Hurricane Hooligan than something else happens.

Jack Downey—my manager—took me over to his house for a blow-out. Well, everything was rolling along hunky-dunky when some wild dame butts in and says:—

" I brought my *harp* to the party and nobody asked him to *sing!* "

I dont know what happened after that. All I know is that I'm *back here* in the hospital with *two raw* hamburgers reclining on both my lamps.

Your every loving pal, SOCKO.

Further enthralling excerpts from the correspondence of these outspoken lovers will be published soon.

Vox Pop

GAMECOCK . . .WHITE FEATHERS

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—In Liberty's September 28 Twenty Questions, No. 13 asks: Why should "to show the white feather" mean to display cowardice? The answer given is: In cockfighting, a thoroughbred gamecock had no white feathers. If the fowl showed a white feather, he was not game.

That answer is absolutely wrong and I am sending proof of it.

There are several breeds of gamecocks that are entirely white, such as White Doms, White Hackles, and White Sheltons. They are thoroughbreds and make some of the best fighters matched in a pit. I am enclosing a snap of one of my games that has white feathers. He has won seven fights in the pit and is only two years old. No one can say that games having white feathers are cowards.—*Mrs. Betty E. Wilkison.*

VOLUPTUOUSLY . . . HE-MEN

WENATCHEE, WASH.—Is it because we don't write as voluptuously as the Easterners, or we don't buy enough Libertys, that we Westerners aren't well represented in Vox Pop?

I would like to see some he-men express themselves.—*Ed O'Connor.*

PRIZES BY THE YEAR 2035?

ST. PAUL, MINN.—July 11 was the dead line for the contest of Famous Americans. It is now September 24. For crying out loud, how long does it take the judges to make their decision? This is good stuff—buy a Liberty, buy another, buy one more, keep on buying week after week, month after month, year after year, until your home is so filled up with paper that you have to move to your neighbor's.

Could you promise me that you would list the prize winners by the year 2035? If so, I will continue to buy your magazine until I have a warehouse full.—*Nellie Mulcare.*

[It takes as long as six weeks, and sometimes longer, to judge a big contest like this, and another thirty days to get the results into print. Names of the winners in this Famous Americans contest were printed in October 19, October 26, and November 2 Liberty.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TWENTY-SIX YEARS A DIONNE NEIGHBOR

DETROIT, MICH.—I would like to comment on the malicious article written by Marguerite Mooers Marshall, How the Quintuplets Are Getting Rich (September 28 Liberty).

There are nine absolute falsehoods and seven half-truths in that short little article. That is far too many for a magazine of the usual quality of Liberty. How do I know? you may ask. I lived twenty-six years as a neighbor of this family, having gone through school with Mr. Dionne.

I will not at this time outline these falsehoods and half-truths. It is hard to believe such an able editing staff as yours would allow such an article to slip through to publication.—*Mrs. Evalene Feeney.*

Mrs. Marshall in rebuttal writes:

I stand by whatever I have written about the Dionne quintuplets, whom I have visited every month for nearly a year and concerning whom I have complete sources of authoritative information.

WOLF EAT WOLF

ANCHORAGE, ALASKA—If I was ramrodding this country, I would take all fellows such as the Fords, Rockefellers, Mellons, Morgans, and several other money gluttons who have accepted their dollars as their Almighty—I would take them one by one—I would tell them that they could have a mansion trimmed in gold, the finest ship that could be built, the fastest airplane that engineers could design, and all of the finest food their buckskin bellies could hold. In other words, they could have everything their hearts desired except a monopoly on money and the necessities of life.

Instead of a handful of men trying to supply millions and millions of people, let the millions supply this small group of multimillionaires with everything except all of the money.

Now, after offering them every luxury they wanted for the remainder of their lives, if they still were not satisfied, it would be proof that their sole ambition was to starve the nation to death. The only destiny would be, let wolf eat wolf.—*Bennie Beatty.*

STILL GOING THE ROUNDS

EASTON, PA.—That story about the hen laying an egg on the butcher's scales under It Happened In— (October 5 Liberty), dated Mount Clemens, Michigan, has been going the rounds of the poultry markets in the Bronx and Brownsville (New York) for ten years. It took a long jump to reach Mount Clemens, but it probably rested on the way and will be heard from again.—*Thomas Madden.*

HIS OWN GRANDFATHER?

TALLAHASSEE, FLA. — Last year I asked her to be my wife and she gave me a decidedly negative reply, so to get even I married her mother. Then my father married the girl.

When I married the girl's mother, the girl became my daughter; and my father married my daughter, so he became my son. When my father married my daughter she became my mother. If my father is my son and my daughter is my mother—who am I?

My mother's mother is my wife and must be my grandmother, and being my grandmother's husband, I must be my own grandfather.—*X. Y. Z.*

WHERE MOST OF IT IS NOW

HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—In October 12 Liberty a philosopher who signs himself M. A. R. S. advises us to conserve our sex energy and throw it to the brain. My word, M. A. R. S.—oh, my word! There's where most of it is now—in the brain.—*Dr. G. Ellington Jorgenson.*

EXPLAIN THIS BIRTHMARK

ARDMORE, OKLA.—I cannot refrain from contradicting R. E. Doan's statement in October 12 Vox Pop, under the heading Impossible to "Birthmark."

I have such a birthmark on the calf of my right leg. It is a tiny hand, one and one half inches long, brown in color.

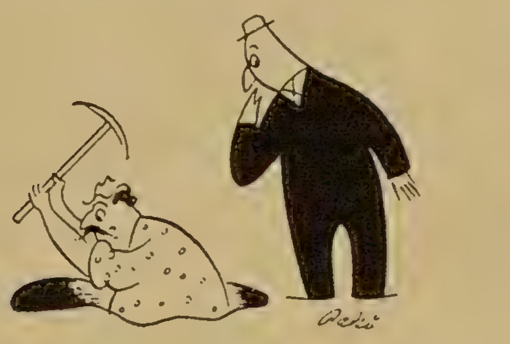
On attaining maturity I asked my mother about it and she told me that during the time of pregnancy she became frightened by a rat and grabbed the calf of her right leg.—*E. Weiss.*

MORE PAGES FOR VOX POP?

OMAHA, NEB.—I want to comment on what I've read in September 7 Vox Pop. The letter Who'd Win, We Wonder, written by S. Farber, is a swell idea, according to my notion. Vox Pop's two pages are not nearly big enough. And when you build that big ring that he suggests for all Vox Poppers, I suggest you add two more pages to Liberty so that Vox Pop will be big enough for all of us.—*Walter Cody, Jr.*

HOW FAR IS DOWN?

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Lately I have been hearing quite a bit on the old silly question, How far is down? This irked my curiosity so much that I figured out my own answer. If we are standing on the earth when the question is asked, "down" is approximately four thousand miles. If we start measuring the distance down we can only go as far as the center of the earth; after that we are going up. Since the diameter of the earth is about eight thousand miles, the distance to the center, or "down," is about four thousand miles.



My friends and myself have argued vehemently over this, and if possible I would like an authoritative opinion. I think it would start some lively debates. —*Roger M. Brown.*

COME AGAIN, MR. SHARP

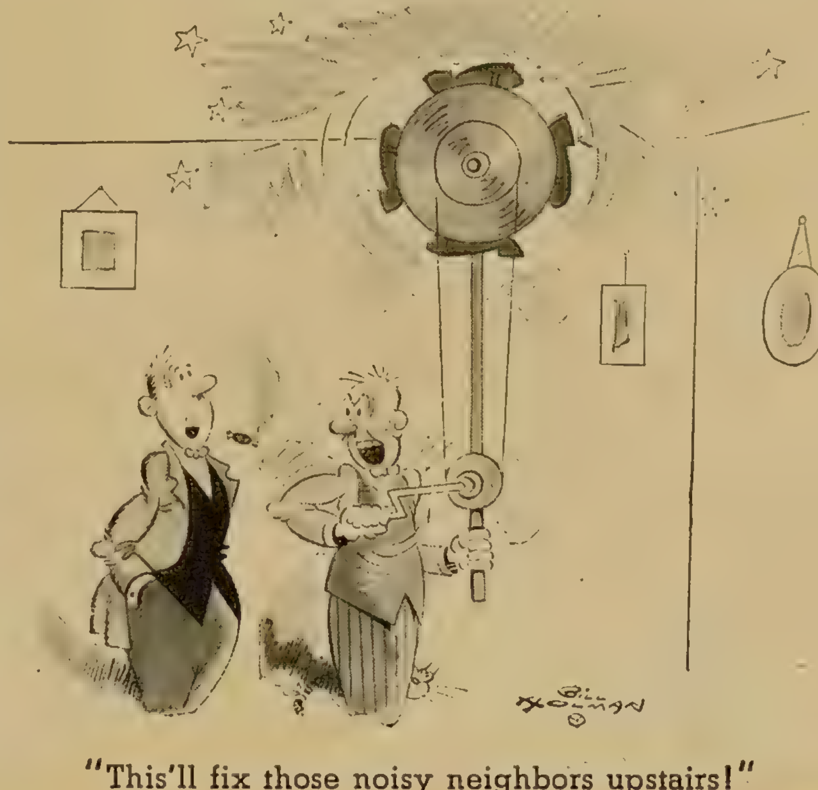
HARTFORD, CONN.—This guy Joseph D. Sharp from West Virginia (September 28 Vox Pop) sure doesn't live up to his name. Aliens increase the buying power? Bushwa!

I live in a city made up of a large part of foreigners. In this city there are over three thousand families on relief. Of this number, more than 75 per cent are aliens. Now where is your buying power? Figures similar to these may be found in any city or town within a few hundred miles of any port of the seacoast of the United States.

Those aliens who come over here and succeed in chiseling an American out of a job send a good part of their pay check back to the old country. How can they do it? Because they live very well on about half what an American family requires. There goes some more of Mr. Sharp's buying power.

Now consider the percentage of foreign-born among the criminal element in the United States and kiss another portion of your buying power good-by.

That's about 80 per cent of Mr. Sharp's buying power among foreigners that has dissolved into thin air. The other 20 per cent is not worth the trouble it takes to get it.—*R. P. Lynch.*



"This'll fix those noisy neighbors upstairs!"

GREED . . . HATE

ALEXANDRIA, VA.—My thanks to Mr. Macfadden for his editorial Hate—Our Worst Enemy (October 12 Liberty).

We all need it—it is so easy in these days to lose patience with our associates and then hatred draws closer.

If each of us puts Mr. Macfadden's suggestions into practice, it will start a ripple that will spread out to the farthest shore of this good-bad old world. —*Nina De Groff.*

MURFREESBORO, TENN.—It is emphatically impossible to "cut out the hating business"—which quotation is from the editorial of October 12 Liberty—unless greed, our greatest or worst enemy, is changed to some pleasant characteristic.

Hate can reform, and has; but it is beyond the power of the miser and greedy to conceive a thought of reform.

Greed is never satisfied, never happy, and knows no step too devilish to win its selfish desires—counts its shining dollars by the midnight oil within hearing of the cry of the hungry and starving on the street and in darkest alleys.—*Clyde Walter Ehrhardt, Ph. D.*

NOT NECESSARILY A LIAR

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Elmer Krabb (October 5 Vox Pop) is no doubt what his name implies. A good sport *will* congratulate his successful opponent and he is not necessarily a liar. To congratulate means to "express sympathetic pleasure in the joy or good fortune of another"; and although it is hard to do sometimes, if the loser is a real sport he will congratulate his opponent and mean it.—*C. Ratcliffe.*

NAME ALL-AMERICA CABINET

PASADENA, CALIF.—Are you going to allow Willie Hearst and the former Huey Long to alone have the honor of having named an All-America Cabinet to be?

Isn't that honor up to Liberty's readers? I think so—that is if they are Americans. Or aren't they?

Nobody can kick about your method of promoting an All-America Football Team—can they?—so why not line up an All-America Cabinet?

Unlike other magazines of the present time, Liberty still talks to Tom, Dick, Harry, and me.—*R. F.*

YARDLEY . . . CIPHER

CUMBERLAND, MD.—For a time Major Yardley had stories and articles in Liberty, the best little magazine on the market today.

I enjoyed them very much.

I always was and always expect to be dumb on codes and ciphers, but his contributions along this line were always most interesting to this fifty-year-old lady.—*A Liberty Fan.*

MISTAKEN BLOOD PRESSURE

CHELSEA, MICH.—In Vox Pop of October 5, 1935, A. H. Wernigerode, M. D., of Port Chester, New York, had something interesting to say about the secret of youth.

I certainly would like to hear more about it. However, he is mistaken if he thinks that at his age of sixty-four his blood pressure should be 125.

Twenty-five years ago his figuring would have been O. K., but about ten years ago it was found to be incorrect. The old doc has low blood pressure.

At his age his systolic blood pressure should be between 140 and 150. His diastolic blood pressure should be 35-50 mm. lower than systolic.

He needs a P. G. course badly. —*Washtenaw.*

"IT REMOVED MY THUMB"

GALLOWAY, OHIO—Yella, by Jack Dempsey (September 7 Liberty), is a fine short story. But the illustration by Clyde Prettyman shows the gangster shooting an automatic and grasping the top slide along with the grip.

Will you please explain in Vox Pop how this bad person can do that without the slide mussing up his pretty hands as the slide rams backward?

I would appreciate this information very much, because the last time I shot an automatic in that fashion it removed my thumb.—"*Sleepy Hank*" *Hankinson.*

UNDERTOW

Liberty's Short Short

by

HAMILTON WILLIAMSON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 37 SECONDS

THE man was not dancing—hadn't, so far, danced all evening. But, seated in one of the chairs ranged along the wall, his expression was strangely tense. He seemed to be getting an almost unnatural stimulation watching the whirl of figures in the vast hotel ballroom. Abruptly he turned to the man and woman sitting beside him with: "I am a stranger here. May I introduce myself? My name is Werister."

Cordially enough the couple responded to such a friendly gesture from this distinguished-looking man with his charming manner. Their name, it appeared, was Gilson—Mr. and Mrs. Gilson.

"Do you agree with me, Mrs. Gilson," Werister asked, "that the mood of a gathering even as large as that"—he waved a hand toward the swirling floor—"can really spread from one single member of it like a contagion?"

"Oh, yes," Mrs. Gilson agreed brightly. "All parties are sort of mobs, and there's always a mob spirit that somebody starts. Who, now, would you say—"

"Look!" he broke in, his voice shaking slightly. "That girl! The one dressed like a petunia. See that gown? Rich red—blue about the feet, and fading up to just a hint of color? See her lovely shoulders growing out of it? Watch her expression. She's coming nearer now. Extraordinary! I wouldn't have thought so much life, so much love of life, could be packed into one face. It's *her* excitement the whole room has caught. I'd like to meet that girl!"

Mrs. Gilson smiled. Why, he must be forty if he was a day! And there he sat, wrought up over beauty and temperament like any boy in his teens.

"Her name is Claudia Ellis," she told him. "She's Milton Ellis's wife. Frank"—bobbing her head toward her husband—"can fix up an introduction for you."

In ten minutes or less Werister's arm was about Claudia Ellis, guiding her to the measured throb of a waltz.

"Some one may cut in any second," he said. "And what you need at the moment is not more dancing—but talk." He added with a laugh: "You can't dance off what you should talk out, you know. And there's nothing like talk with a passing stranger to reduce high tension. I've been wondering at what crossroad you were standing."

Her fingers pressed his shoulder with a slight convulsive movement. "How did you know?" she breathed.

"Because only a decision half made could bring you such a thrill. Come and tell me about it. I've got a corner picked out for us in the writing room."

Seated beside him, she said half petulantly, "I don't know why I'm doing this."

"Because you want to. You do what you want."

He gave her a cigarette, lighted it for her.

Her chin tilted as she blew a cloud of smoke toward the ceiling and watched it mount. "I'm going to New York," she announced. "I've just this moment decided."

"And that handsome devil who's been cutting in and snatching you every three minutes—he's going too," Werister said. "Also, he's not your husband."

Her eyes lowered, looked into his. "Have I, by any chance, a glass globe covering my brain? It can't be a skull, because you seem to be looking straight through it."

"Actually I'm a wretched mind reader," he assured her.

She stretched out beautiful greedy arms. "Well, for once I'm going to soak up night life. Glorious crazy razzle-dazzle! I've only had sips before, but I'm mad about it. Yes, Tony *is* going too. Swell guy, Tony. Milt can't object. There'll be a bunch of us. Milt's my husband. Sweet, but oh, how funny in a night club! I suspect Tony of having been born in one. He's got oodles of money, and money-spending technique. But Milt says: 'Look here, waiter, what the hell's *this* item?'" She gave a little derisive shriek. Then: "Do you know New York?"

"I knew the New York you're talking about years ago. It was heady even then."

"Tell me"—her shining head bent toward him—"did you take some one with you?"

"No, but I met some one there. In a night club."

"Well, tell me. What was she like?"

"Sunshine. She brought it with her. She was from the far South. Was having a breathing spell in New York. An escape—from just what I never knew. I was having a breathing spell too. Our breaths, somehow, got tangled together. Our kisses were warmer than we meant them to be. It all made a sort of undertow. You see, we hadn't reckoned on that. It turned out badly—very badly for me."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Her voice was vibrant. "Were you hurt?"

"If you mean did some hotheaded Southerner put a bullet into me—no. But I was wounded just the same. And the wound still hurts sometimes. It hurts now." He smiled. "I'm putting this all pretty sentimentally. What I'm trying to say is, my wife divorced me. Her bitterness sent me to the ends of the earth."

"Oh, what a shame! How unjust!"

"Well, she had grounds for the divorce, God knows. And that's why you are not to go to New York. Your mood! I know it. Unsafe! No, I can't let you go."

Her eyes opened wide in amazement, and her lovely mouth in derision. "How on earth did you get the idea that you were my adviser—my mentor—Mr.—why, I didn't even catch your name!"

"*Wer ist er.*" He pronounced it strangely and as three words. "German," he said, "for Who is he? My real name, my darling, is one you were taught to scorn. I happen to be your father."

THE END

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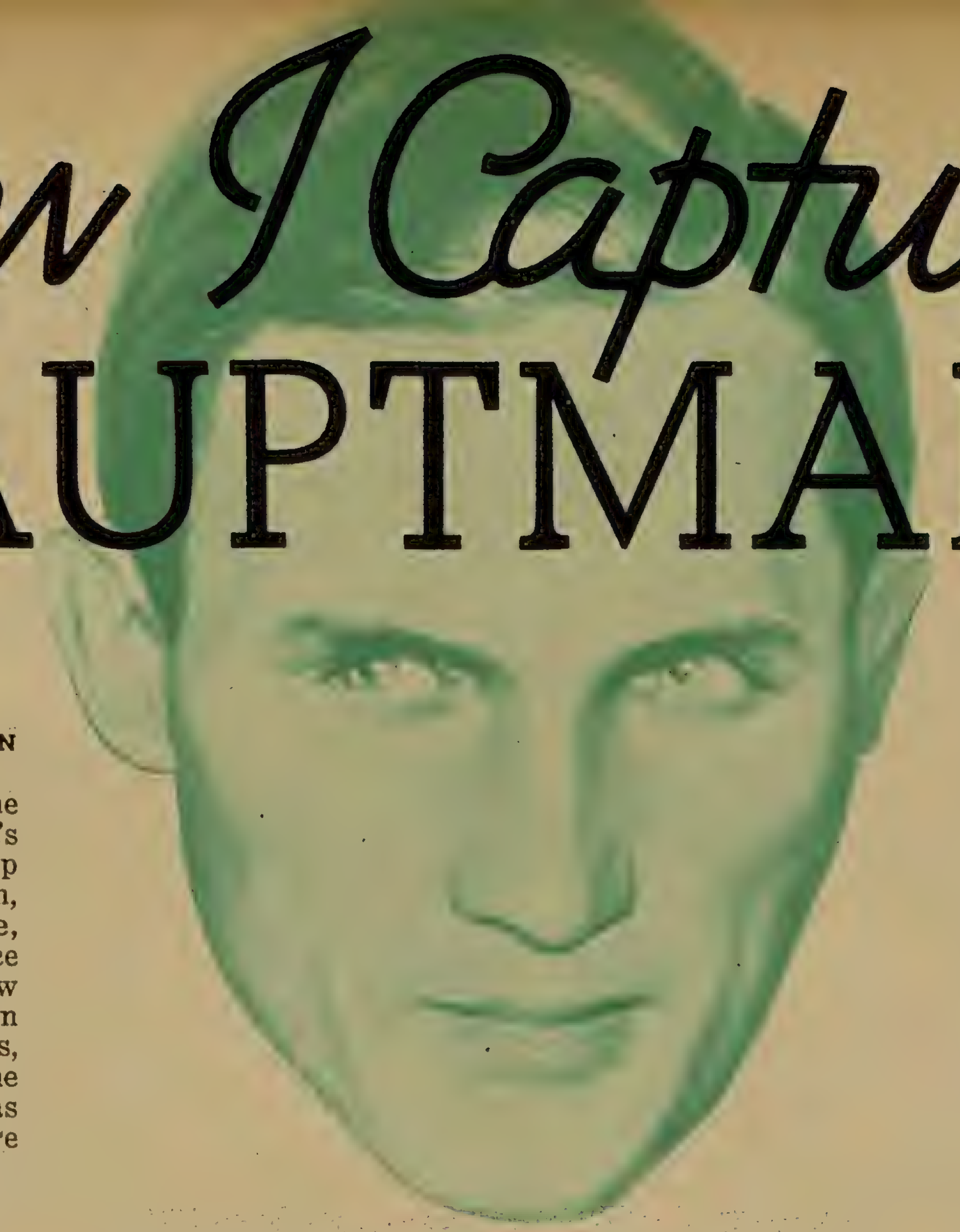


The Complete and Authentic Inside Story—Never Told Before—of the Greatest Man-Hunt of Modern Times

by LIEUTENANT JAMES J. FINN OF THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT and D. THOMAS CURTIN

READING TIME • 26 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART SEVEN — CONCLUSION

I HAVE before me the official stenographer's minutes of the line-up at which Jafsie Condon, the Bronx pedagogue, was brought face to face with the man we now know to be his man "John"—in other words, with Hauptmann. The record of this line-up has never been printed. Here it is:

Line-up Conducted in Office of Second Deputy Police Commissioner, 156 Greenwich Street, N. Y. C., 5.30 P. M., September 20, 1934

Right to left from Washington Street end of office:

No. 1—Ptl. John McAlevy, 5056, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office
No. 2—Det. James J. Kissane, 528, Safe and Loft Squad
No. 3—Det. Martin Monahan, 1284, Main Office Squad
No. 4—Det. Benjamin Rosenberg, 826, Safe and Loft Squad
No. 5—Det. Timothy Clune, 1371, Bur. [Bureau of] Criminal Information
No. 6—Det. Chester Cronin, 1453, Main Office Squad
No. 7—Det. James Petrosino, 467, Bur. Criminal Information
No. 8—Det. Robert Goldstein, 651, Bur. Criminal Information
No. 9—Det. Andrew Zapolsky, N. J. State Trooper
No. 10—Ptl. John Kerrigan, 11203, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office
No. 11—Ptl. Francis Mershon, 9116, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office
No. 12—Ptl. Herman Schwartzberg, 4888, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office
No. 13—Ptl. Harry Kutner, 8947 [same office]

Present:

Gen. John F. O'Ryan, Police Commissioner
Harold Allen, 2d Deputy Police Commissioner
Deputy Chief Inspector Vincent J. Sweeney
Inspector John A. Lyons
Col. H. Norman Schwarzkopf, N. J. State Police
Edgar Hoover, U. S. Department of Justice
Capt. John J. Lamb, N. J. S. P.
Lieut. Andrew Keaten, N. J. State Police
Act. Lieut. James J. Finn, N. Y. P. D.
Sgt. J. Wallace, N. J. S. P.
And other investigators.

Richard Hauptmann brought in.

INS. LYONS: Richard, take a position in that line — any position you care to. We are going to bring a man in here to see if he can identify you. You choose your position.

[Hauptmann selected a position between No. 3 and No. 4, hereafter designated as No. 3a.]

Dr. Condon entered.

INS. LYONS: Dr. Condon, start at the head of the line, look at all these men, and if you can identify the man to whom you passed the money on the night of April 2, 1932, you just go over and put your hand on his shoulder.

DR. CONDON: May I ask for a favor?

INS. LYONS: Yes.

DR. CONDON: To speak to each man for one minute on something nobody else has heard but me?

INS. LYONS: Yes.

[Dr. Condon walked back and forth along the line three times. The third time he stopped at No. 3a, Hauptmann, and scrutinized him carefully; then he walked down the line to No. 13.]

DR. CONDON: May I eliminate several men from the line now and have them come forward?

INS. LYONS: You want to eliminate some men?

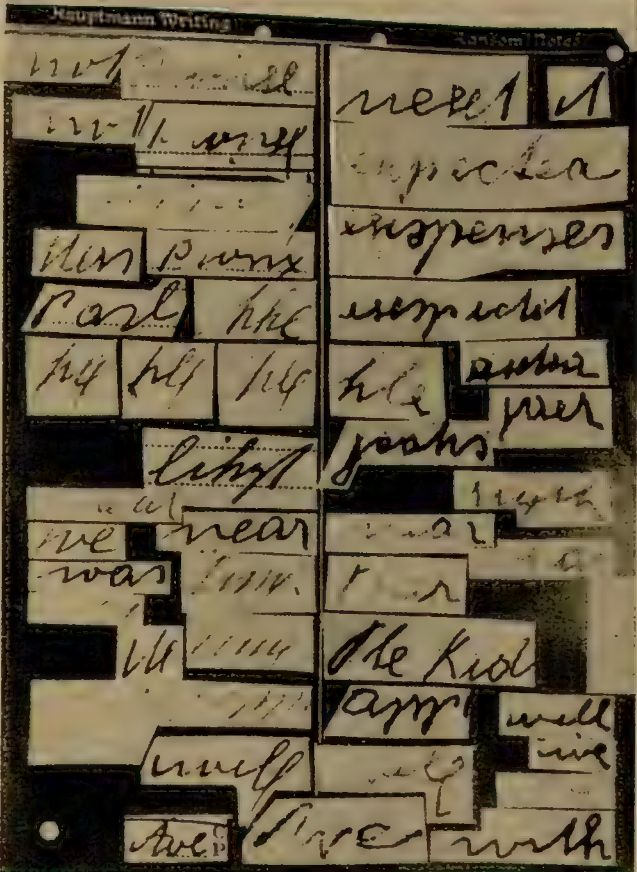
DR. CONDON: Yes.

INS. LYONS: Who do you want to eliminate?

[Dr. Condon selected, R to L:
(1) No. 2—James J. Kissane, 528, Safe and Loft Squad
(2) No. 3a—Bruno Richard Hauptmann
(3) No. 12—Herman Schwartzberg, 4888, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office
(4) No. 11—Francis Mershon, 9116, 2d Dep. Comm'r's Office

Acme photos

Hauptmann, on the platform at the right, in the New York police line-up room. Inset: Jafsie examining rogues' gallery photos in Trenton.



Hauptmann's admitted writing (left) and writing from the ransom notes.

Isidor Fisch. "He was a harmless boy suffering from tuberculosis."

Requested them to "Step forward."]

Dr. Condon: Can I speak to them? You don't mind, do you?

Ins. Lyons: Surely.

Dr. Condon [Standing in front of Bruno Richard Hauptmann and addressing the group that had stepped forward]: When I saw you I gave you my promise that I would do all I possibly could for you if you gave me the baby. The only way in the world I think you can save yourself at all is to tell the truth. I gave you a promise heard that day. Follow that promise. [To Inspector Lyons:] Would you mind if they showed me their hands?

Ins. Lyons: Hold your palms up, hands up.

[Dr. Condon examined the palms of the hands of the four.]

Dr. Condon: You four men—I will ask you, did you ever see me before? [Dr. Condon walked to each man individually. Each answered: "No, sir."] What is your name?

(1) No. 2: James J. Kissane.

(2) No. 3a: Richard Hauptmann.

(3) No. 12: Herman Schwartzberg.

(4) No. 11: Francis Mershon.

[Dr. Condon walked back to Bruno Richard Hauptmann and handed him a slip of paper.]

Dr. Condon: Read it out loud.

Hauptmann: "I stayed already too long. The leader would smack me out. Your work is perfect."

Dr. Condon: I could not quite hear those last three lines. You read, "The leader would—"

Hauptmann: "The leader would smack me out. Your work is perfect."

Dr. Condon [addressing Hauptmann]: Did you see me before?

Hauptmann: Never.

Dr. Condon: You never saw me before?

Hauptmann: Never.

Dr. Condon: What is your name?

Hauptmann: Richard Hauptmann.

Dr. Condon: What is it, again?

Hauptmann: Richard Hauptmann.

Dr. Condon: Say that! [Handing Hauptmann a slip of paper.]

Hauptmann: "John."

Dr. Condon: And you didn't see me before?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: You've got time to say it if you have.

Hauptmann: No, I never saw you before.

Dr. Condon: Let me see your hands.

[Hauptmann held up his hands and Dr. Condon looked at them. Dr. Condon again asked each of the four men his name, which each man again gave.]

Dr. Condon: Let three go back a minute, please. [Dr. Condon indicated Kissane, Schwartzberg, and Mershon to step back. Addressing Hauptmann:] I gave the money I promised to help out in case the baby was restored to me. Do you remember that?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: And I said I would help out?

Hauptmann: No; I never talked to you.

Dr. Condon: I never broke

my word in my life. [Continuing:] What is your name?

Hauptmann: Richard Hauptmann.

Dr. Condon: Where were you born?

Hauptmann: Germany.

Dr. Condon: What place?

Hauptmann: Saxony.

Dr. Condon: You don't remember me—speaking to me?

Hauptmann: I can't say that I can.

[Dr. Condon held a conversation with Hauptmann in German; then reverted to English as follows:]

Dr. Condon: That's what I meant—you didn't understand me. Listen. You never saw me before?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: Didn't speak to me?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: You live in the Bronx?

Hauptmann: Yes.

Dr. Condon: Do you know Two Hundred and Thirty-third Street?

Hauptmann: Two Hundred and Thirty-third Street? Yes, I know because I live Two Hundred and Twenty-second—that's where I live.

Dr. Condon [looking at Hauptmann side-face]: You have nothing to say to me at all?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: Why?

Hauptmann: I don't know what to say.

Dr. Condon: Put on your hat, please. Put it down on one side. You didn't speak to me about a baby at all?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: Never said a word?

Hauptmann: Never said a word.

Dr. Condon: Never had a conversation with me?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: You are positive of that?

Hauptmann: Positive.

Ins. Lyons: Would you say he was the man?

Dr. Condon: I would not say he was the man.

Ins. Lyons: You are not positive?

Dr. Condon: I am not positive.

IT was becoming dishearteningly evident that Jafsie was leaning over backward. He had his own reputation to protect as well as the life of the man in front of him.

Ins. Lyons: Do you recognize the voice?

Dr. Condon: The voice was husky. I'd like him to say this quick. When it is a man's life, gentlemen, I want to be careful. May I write something?

Ins. Lyons: Yes.

Dr. Condon: [Wrote on slip of paper which he handed to Hauptmann.] Now I want you to read this to me out a little loudly, so I can hear.

Hauptmann: "What would your mother say? She would not like it. She would cry."

Dr. Condon: Louder—I am not able to hear it.

Hauptmann: "What would your mother say? She would not like it."

Dr. Condon: Still a little louder.

Hauptmann: "What would your mother say? What would your mother say? She would not like it. She would cry."

Dr. Condon: Whom were you afraid of up there besides your mother? Do you remember number two?—that you could not wait any longer because they would smack you out?—the leader?

Hauptmann: I don't know what you mean.

Dr. Condon: All right. Say "Number two."

Hauptmann: Number two.

Dr. Condon: Your name is what?

Hauptmann: Richard Hauptmann.

Dr. Condon: How long do you live in the Bronx?

Hauptmann: Nine years.

Dr. Condon: Nine years up there. You don't know me?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: Never saw me?

Hauptmann: No.

The old man bridled perceptibly. For this man to say that he had lived nine years in Jafsie's beloved Bronx and didn't know Dr. John F. Condon, the great Bronx educator and publicist—well, that was too much!

Dr. Condon: You work in the Bronx?

Hauptmann: Yes, all over the Bronx.

Dr. Condon: How much do you weigh?

Hauptmann: Around 180-182.

Dr. Condon: Have you gotten a little stouter lately than you were? Did you increase in weight lately?

Hauptmann: No; I am practically the same.

Dr. Condon: In two years?

Hauptmann: Yes.

Dr. Condon: How much did you weigh then, about? A little lighter?

Hauptmann: No; I guess just the same. A slight difference in summertime or wintertime, that's all.

A GREAT deal has been made of this matter of weight. Some writers have said that Hauptmann put on twenty-five pounds between the kidnaping and the capture, some that he took off the twenty-five; but the truth seems to be, as he stated: "A slight difference in summertime or wintertime, that's all." In answering Condon he simply overguessed his own weight.

Dr. Condon: Did you ever run in races?

Hauptmann: No.

Dr. Condon: Did you ever take exercises in German turning school?

Hauptmann: Not here; over there.

Dr. Condon: In the old country?

Hauptmann: Yes.

Dr. Condon: You can climb pretty well with your hands?

Hauptmann: I used to do it in school as a child.

Dr. Condon: In gymnasium?

Hauptmann: Yes; gymnastic school.

Ins. Lyons: Is that the man?

Dr. Condon: He is the one who would come nearer to answering the description than anybody I saw. You gave me no hint and I picked him out. He is a little heavier. Can I go over and talk to him? I couldn't say he is not the man.

Ins. Lyons: It looks like him?

Dr. Condon: Yes.

Ins. Lyons: But you cannot identify him?

Dr. Condon: No. I have to be very careful. The man's life is in jeopardy.

(Transcribed September 21, 1934.
Det. J. J. Duane, 362, M. O. D.)

Well, there you have it. Of course we know now that later, when the first excitement was over and the old man had had every leisurely opportunity to observe and converse with the prisoner, he was able positively to identify Hauptmann as the extortioner; but we didn't know it then.

Here was the climax toward which we had been building for the better part of three years—the day when we could bring in the man who had been passing the ransom money, and say to Jafsie Condon: "Is this the man you knew as John?" And then have him answer: "It is."

But, now the time had come, he had failed us.

Was all our work in vain?

We did not know.

But the gods that look after all good detectives were with us. Instead of the measly hundred ransom bills of which Hauptmann had boasted to the filling-station man, the boys we had left digging in the garage had found a cool $14,000 in Lindbergh cash!

Jafsie or no Jafsie, he couldn't escape us now. They held him for extortion on the formal complaint of Colonel Lindbergh. The charge: that "on March 1, 1932, complainant's child was kidnaped from crib, and as a result one J. C. Condon received communication asking for $50,000 for its return, and said money was delivered to an unknown man, and $13,700 was found in this prisoner's possession, and he admits he passed a number of these bills, numbers of which were registered."

It was a wise thing

(Continued on page fifty-eight)

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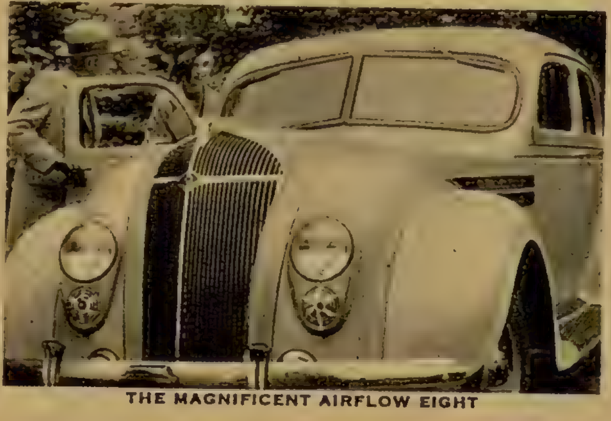

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SCOTCH WHISKY

(Continued from page fifty-six)

to do. It might take the Jersey people some time to find out whether they had a bulletproof case for kidnaping and murder, whereas it was clear that we had a good case on the lesser charge.

Moreover, Perrone's identification was as positive as Jafsie's was vague. The Italian taxi driver, who had taken the note from Hauptmann to Condon more than thirty months before, walked right up to the prisoner in the line-up and put his hand on his shoulder.

"This is the man."

"You positively identify him?"

"Yes."

Cecile Barr, the cashier at the Sheridan Theater, was equally positive that Hauptmann was the man. And as for the meeting between Hauptmann and the two younger men, Levatino and Lyle, it was a knockout. He identified them before they identified him.

Extraordinary, wasn't it, that a man naturally so secretive as Hauptmann would suddenly volunteer information which might work so greatly to his disadvantage? That's what made talking with him always an adventure. We never knew what he was going to say next. I remember the time he was told that the $840 had been found in the round holes in the garage.

"Well, Hauptmann," one of the boys said to him, "you're in the bag now."

"Yes," he agreed calmly; "I'm in the bag now."

I confronted him one day with a neighbor, an elderly German woman who remembered having seen him in perfect health the night before the kidnaping; then going to call on the Hauptmanns on the fatal night and finding him not there; then seeing him the night after the kidnaping and noticing that he had a slight limp and a bad cold. She remembered saying to him: "The man that kidnaped that Lindbergh baby ought to be cut up and fried in oil."

"And what did he say?" I asked her.

"He said, 'Er-huh.'"

I EXPECTED Hauptmann to deny this whole incident. Almost any one in his place would have. But no! He listened unmoved while she repeated the conversation they had had about the baby. Then, when she said, "Richard, you remember you had a cold," his face brightened—as much as such a face could.

"Yes," he said. "I took cough medicine."

You will recall that Jafsie was also worried about the extortioner's cold and offered to get him some medicine for his cough!

Now that Hauptmann was indicted, I could turn him over to the sheriff of Bronx County and give all my time to checking up on the new phases of the case which his examination had disclosed—for example, the life and history of Isidor Fisch.

I could write a whole book on Fisch. In fact, if I included all the wild stories which were told about him—and which, of course, we had to run down carefully—I'd have more than one book; I'd have a library.

For example, it was said at the time—and it is solemnly printed as a fact in a book that was published after the trial—that Fisch had paid for his ticket to Germany with ransom bills and that these bills were traced and found by the police. If that had been so—which it wasn't—somebody in the department was certainly holding out on Chief Sullivan and Inspector Lyons and Lieutenant Jimmy Finn!

THE truth about Fisch, which we checked a hundred ways here and abroad, is that he was a harmless Jewish boy suffering from tuberculosis. Knowing that he was going to die, he decided to make a last visit to his family in Germany. Before sailing he left some of his belongings for storage in the garage of his friend Hauptmann, with whom he had apparently had some small dealings in furs.

Isidor had judged the progress of his disease correctly. He went home to die; and he did die—in poverty. On his deathbed he told his brother that he had left a trunkful of furs with his friend, and after Isidor's death the brother wrote Bruno about it. The boy's statement was true. There was such a trunk; we found it in the garage. Isidor said nothing, however, and the brother's letter said nothing, of Hauptmann's also having a certain mysterious package, an old shoe box, which, if the story Hauptmann now told was true, was also left by Fisch and which contained $14,000 in Lindbergh ransom money.

Incidentally, Isidor had also forgotten to mention the fourteen grand when he handed the shoe box to Hauptmann. So just imagine Hauptmann's surprise!

Well, it wasn't much of a story. It did seem as though, with thirty months to do it in, he might have framed up a better one. My only thought on it was that he had never contemplated the possibility that any large quantity of the money would ever be discovered, or that he would ever be seriously suspected.

To be sure, he might be caught passing a ransom bill, and it might be annoying to have to discuss the matter with the police, since he was in the country illegally and had no desire to be deported. But that would be all. So long as he carried only one bill with him at a time, and kept the others well hidden, there would be no reason for suspecting him of the kidnaping. Therefore he had not bothered to make up a story until that day at Greenwich Street, when he suddenly needed one, and his mind turned to his dead friend Fisch.

Although the story wasn't good on its face, it took a lot of time to prove that it wasn't—to prove that there was no evidence connecting Isidor Fisch in any way with the Lindbergh kidnaping. Another thing that took time was the tracing of the money in Hauptmann's brokerage accounts. I had very little to do with this part of the work, but those who did seemed to feel satisfied that they had accounted for practically all of the ransom money. This was important in substantiation of our theory that Hauptmann was alone in the kidnaping plot.

First and last, we had picked up about $6,000 along the ransom trail. Approximately $15,000 more showed up in the garage. Those were all the bills we actually saw. But if you add to this $21,000 in bills the substantial sums which Hauptmann had put into his brokerage and bank accounts since the date the ransom money came into his hands, and subtract from that total the amount known to have been in those accounts before that date, you have approximately $49,000, or only a thousand less than the fifty grand of the ransom.

The rest of the actual bills, if they were passed in this country, which they probably were, must have gone back immediately to the Treasury in the calling in of the gold or as a matter of usual routine with worn bills. In either case, they would have been destroyed—and, since the Treasury Department keeps no record of the serial numbers of destroyed bills, all trace of them irrevocably lost.

ON October 10, 1934, three weeks after I had arrested Hauptmann, the Governor of the State of New Jersey issued a warrant demanding his presence in that state to stand trial for the murder of Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr. This was, of course, only a necessary formality. It had been agreed between the authorities of the two states that if Jersey felt that it had a case against Hauptmann on the more serious charge, New York would forgo the privilege of prosecuting him immediately on the lesser one. Therefore it became my duty to effect the delivery of the prisoner to the Jersey State Police.

This done, it might be assumed that "Lieutenant Finn and his trusty men" would have got a chance to catch up on their sleep—but nothing could be farther from the truth. The crime had been committed in Jersey and the trial was to be held in Jersey; but almost everything of importance that had happened in the case had occurred in New York City. Consequently the services of the New York Police Department were very much in demand for the important job of "knocking down" the witnesses who were likely to be called for the defense.

The purpose of the knocking-down process is to furnish the prosecuting attorney with facts which may discredit a witness in the minds of the jury. In most cases it is a more or less routine matter. But in the Lindbergh case we weren't dealing with known criminals. We had never heard of the defendant until I got his name over the telephone from Gus Reich; and we knew nothing more of his Bronx

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neighbors and friends through whom he would undoubtedly try to set up an alibi.

We ran down all the witnesses that we *thought* would be called, and furnished the information to the Jersey authorities; but we were never sanguine that we had done a complete job. We knew our Mr. Reilly. We were prepared for surprise witnesses—and we got them.

We thereupon found ourselves doing a job which was as novel as it was exciting: the job of knocking down witnesses while they were actually on the stand.

This was the procedure. Mr. Reilly would call to the stand a witness of whom Attorney General Wilentz had never heard. One of our men, alert for just this contingency, would note down the name and address given by the witness as he began his testimony, and would rush to the nearest telephone. I would be waiting on the other end of the wire at Greenwich Street, accompanied no doubt by Corporal Horn. Perhaps I would know no more than Wilentz did of the identity of this witness. Then the search would begin.

I have already told you of the seventy-eight sources of information to which we turn. It was now quite in the cards that we might have to try all seventy-eight. In that case, Mr. Wilentz might have to stall indefinitely in the cross-examination until we could furnish him with something on which to go.

As a rule, however, we were more quickly successful. Take the case of the surprise witness named Heier, who said he had been parked with a girl in an automobile near where Jafsie gave the money to John, and had distinctly seen a man emerge from the cemetery who was *not* Hauptmann. From the automobile files at Police Headquarters I soon learned that this Heier had been in an automobile accident eight miles from St. Raymond's Cemetery at that very hour.

THIS information was immediately telephoned to Flemington, so that by the time Heier had finished his direct testimony under the guidance of the astute Mr. Reilly, the state had all the ammunition needed to blow young Mr. Heier right off the witness chair. But we weren't through with him. He had reluctantly named the young woman who, he said, was with him on this alleged petting party, and had sworn that she worked at Bloomingdale's department store. So we had started out to find the girl.

It was to the store detective at Bloomingdale's that we looked for information. By the time Wilentz began his cross-examination he had in his hands enough evidence to indict Heier for perjury.

An even more intriguing case was that of another of Mr. Reilly's surprise witnesses. From the description we got over the phone, this man was something of an eccentric. Accordingly, we tried first the Social Service Bureau, then the Old Record Bureau, and finally the Bureau of Information at Headquarters. The stuff we got on the man at these three offices decided us to call up Bellevue Hospital. Sure enough, he had been in the psychopathic ward there, and previously in similar institutions.

When the jury learned that—well, you can imagine how valuable his testimony was likely to be in support of Richard Hauptmann's defense!

Of course I wasn't always on the end of the wire in New York. I was frequently doing the observing in Flemington and directing my boys in New York by phone. The prosecution used me sparingly as a witness—it seemed a wise policy to prove the case to this New Jersey jury whenever possible through the testimony of the troopers of the State Police—and on my brief appearance on the stand the defense showed little inclination to cross-examine me.

I WOULDN'T have missed the handwriting testimony for worlds. I had not only had something to do with finding the incriminating specimens of handwriting in the Hauptmann apartment; but I had personally obtained the cycle of proof which, more than any other single factor, "put Hauptmann in the room" out there in the Lindberghs' now deserted home.

Which reminds me that I never did tell you what happened upstairs in my office that first night following the day of Hauptmann's arrest. "Up in Jimmy's room"—that's where the alleged "beating" took place! At least, that's where Bruno and his attorneys insisted that it took place.

I expected some such charge. It is usually made. So I had taken the precaution to have not one doctor but two examine Hauptmann after we had finished with him and before I turned him over to the sheriff in the Bronx. None of us in that room that night liked Hauptmann; but we had our official lives to consider. For any of us to lay a forceful hand on him would have cost us our badges.

Only once in all the time he was in our custody did any one violate this rule, even technically. That was when we were taking his pictures for the gallery. He kept looking down in a way which would hide his eyes from the camera—so one of the boys, without thinking, poked him playfully in the ribs and told him to "sit up and look at the birdie."

When it came to the handwriting tests we had special reason for treating Hauptmann well. We wanted him to write as he would have written if he had been at home. We did everything we could to make him feel that he was among friends. The desk at which he sat was no inquisitorial table. It was an ordinary-sized flat-top desk. The chair was an ordinary straight-backed one.

He was quite willing to write, even eager to—and as we dictated our test paragraph to him it was obvious that he was making a conscious effort to disguise his handwriting.

This was to be expected, and it wasn't so important as it may seem; for no attempted disguise could affect his characteristic spellings or conceal the basic peculiarities in the formation of the individual letters. The bad feature of this labored writing was that it produced a stiff specimen rather than a natural one.

The stiff writing had its points, however. There was a good deal of it in the ransom notes. The extortioner had written easily so long as he was on sure ground. Then, when he came to something like comments on the health and diet of the baby, he had involuntarily stiffened up.

We were now getting plenty of specimens of stiff writing, but none of the easy writing which characterized most of the ransom notes and all of the admitted writings we had found.

Something had to be done about it. We tried giving our man long rests and engaging him in conversation on idle topics. The papers said we kept him writing all night. These are the facts: In all, he covered sixteen pages between, say, nine in the evening and one thirty that night; but the actual writing took only an hour and a half. We gave him, you see, plenty of time for rest and diversion. But it didn't accomplish our immediate purpose. The writings remained stiff.

Then Corporal Horn and I tried a simple expedient. Back of Hauptmann were my desk and one used by one of my assistants. On both desks were telephones. I told off a couple of the boys to sit at these desks and pretend to call up their friends and converse with them. Hauptmann couldn't see the telephoners but, of course, he couldn't help listening to them with one ear while he was taking the dictation with the other.

The boys put on a good act. They called up their girls—or pretended to—and had some pretty fancy conversation with them. It made good listening, and it certainly had a magic effect on Hauptmann. Standing behind him, I could see that he was writing as easily and fluently as if he were at home.

At last I had what I wanted. I had seen with my own eyes the man who passed the ransom money write the identical words in the identical way that the man who had been in the nursery of Colonel Lindbergh's child had written them in the ransom note he left on the window sill.

I gave the sign to the boys at the desk to cut out their clowning and bring me a cot.

"Here," I said to Hauptmann. "You've done your job. Lie down and get some sleep."

He did lie down; and he did sleep very comfortably until morning. And I left a couple of the boys to watch him, and went home to Rockaway Beach to do a little much needed sleeping on my own account.

That is the true story of the Hauptmann "beating"—and, like everything else I have told in these annals, it *is* the true story!

THE END

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JACKSON, MISS.—The Clarion-Ledger received a letter from Herbert G. Porter of Malden, Massachusetts, which said:

"Gentlemen: Can you give me the address of some descendant of M. Antonia Richard, who was a resident of Jackson before 1863? I would like to return a book borrowed from her library at that time."

GREENVILLE, TEX. —J. F. Nichols, Home Owners' Loan Corporation administrator here, is convinced some one in the Agriculture Department is a little rusty on the subject of processing cotton.

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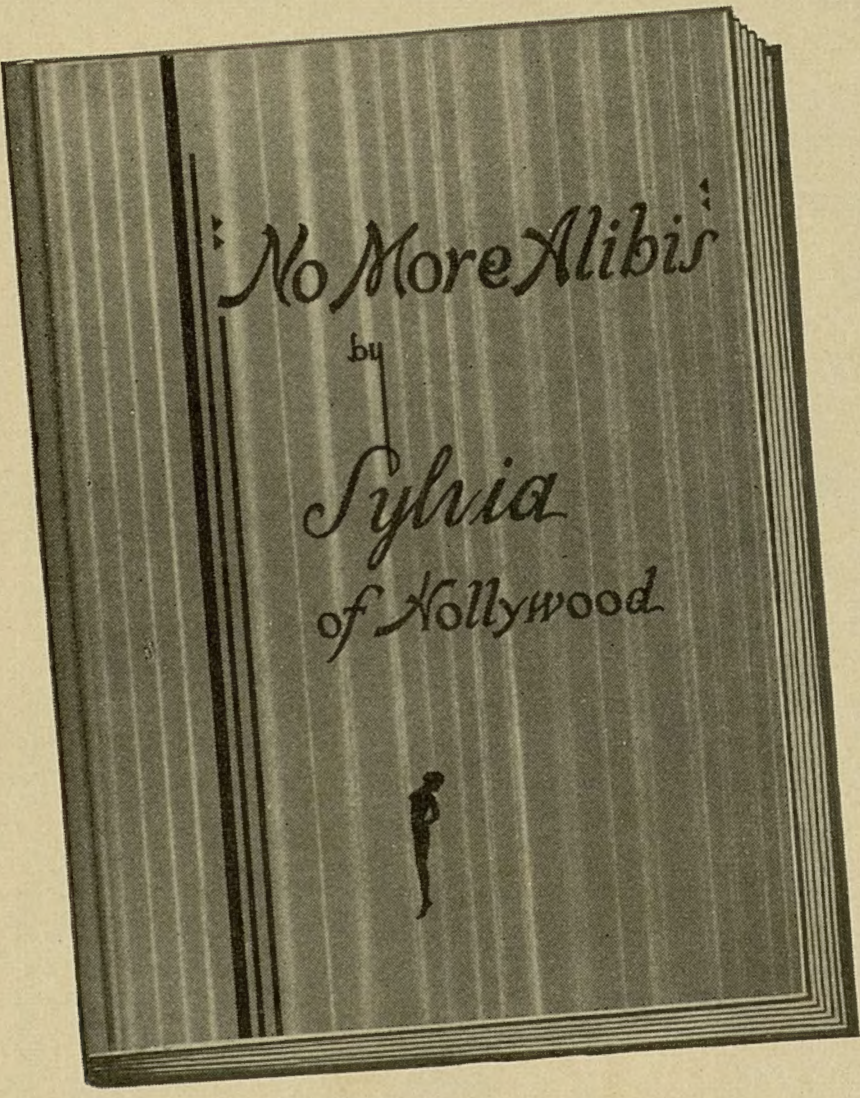

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